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G. Vandr. Gucht Fecit.

THE

Merry Musician;

OR, A

CURE for the SPLEEN:

BEING

A COLLECTION of the most diverting SONGS & pleasant BALLADS set to Musick; adapted to every Taste and Humour.

Harmonious Mirth, & sweetest Lays have long
Charm'd with soft Notes ỹ beauteous feather'd Throng
If so, Melodious Strains must surely prove
Successful to persuade Mankind to Love.
For Musick fills the Breast with warm desire
Touches the Heart, and does each Soul inspire

For the Flute.

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Ios: Hare *in Cornhill, and* I: Young *in St. Paul's Church-yard.*
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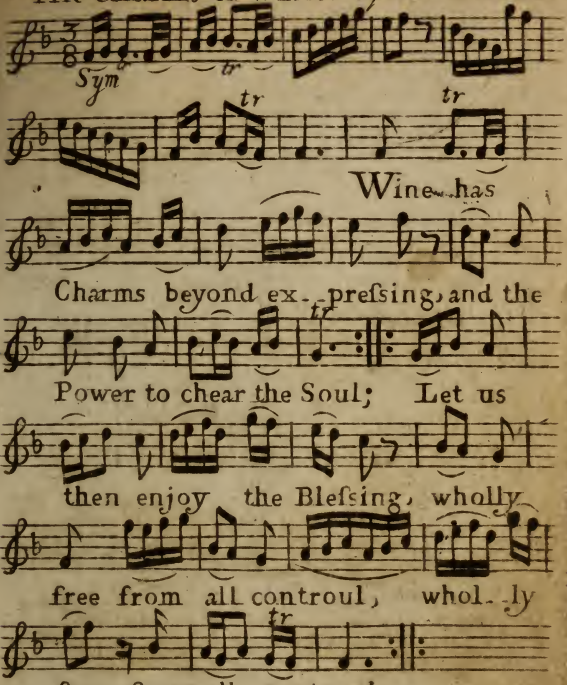
The Charms of Wine. by Mr. Monro.

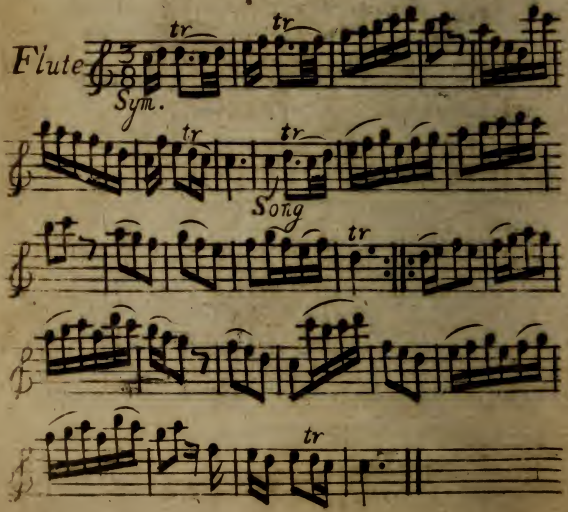


Wine all other Joys exceeding,
Wine's a whet-ſtone to the Wit;
Wine improves the Courtiers breeding,
Wine gives Brightneſs to the Cit.

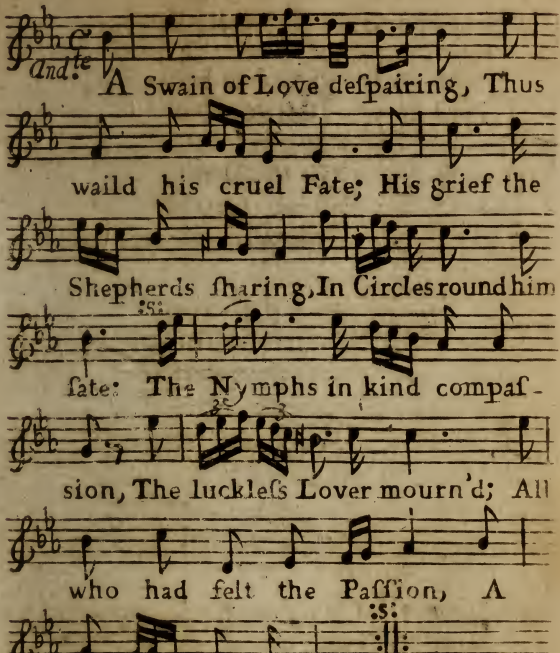
Whence Proceeds the Subtle Motions
Of the Lawyers, Clergy, State?
Did not Wine inspire their Notions,
Fools they'd be like those they cheat.

Take then plenty of this Liquor,
Drinking thus you'll ne'er be dull;
Slow insipid Time moves quicker,
When we see our Glasses full.

When you find your self o'er heated,
To some *Phillis* then retire;
But take care too oft repeated,
Don't at last increase your Fire.



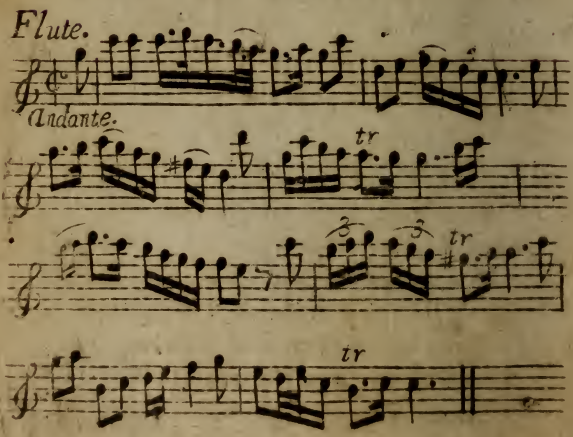
The Despairing Lover.


And te
A Swain of Love despairing, Thus
wail'd his cruel Fate; His grief the
Shepherds sharing, In Circles round him
sate: The Nymphs in kind compas-
sion, The luckless Lover mourn'd; All
who had felt the Passion, A
Sigh for Sigh return'd.

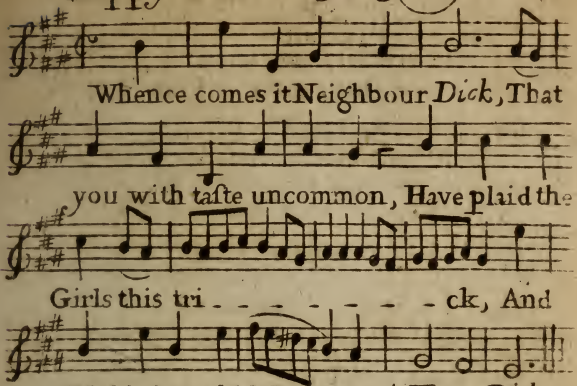
O Friends your plaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear;
Shou'd *Cloe* but discover,
For me you'd shed a Tear,
Her Eyes she'd Arm with Vengeance,
Your friendship soon subdue;
Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
And for her mercy sue.

Her charms such force discover,
Resistance is in vain;
Spight of your self you'l love her,
And hug the galling chain:
Her witt the Flame increases,
And rivets fast the Dart;
She has ten thousand Graces,
And each could gain a Heart.

But oh! one more deserving,
Has thaw'd her frozen Breast;
Her heart to him devoting,
She's cold to all the rest:
Their love with joy abounding,
The thought distracts my brain;
O cruel Maid! then sounding,
He fell upon the Plain.



Happy Dick. *A Song.*


Whence comes it Neighbour *Dick*, That
you with taſte uncommon, Have plaid the
Girls this tri - - - - - - - ck, And
Wedded an old Wo - - man! *Happy Dick.*

Each Bell condemns the Choice,
Of a youth ſo gay and ſprightly;
But we your friends rejoy--ce,
That you have judg'd ſo rightly, &c.

Tho' odd to ſome it ſounds,
That on threeſcore you've ventur'd;
Yet in Ten Thouſand Pou--nds,
Ten Thouſand charms are centr'd, &c.

Beauty you know will fade,
As does the ſhort liv'd Flower;
Nor can the faireſt Ma--id,
Inſure her Bloom an hour, &c.

But wiſely you reſign,
For Sixty charms ſo tranſient,
As the curious value Co--in,
The more for being antient, &c.

With joy your ſpouſe ſhall ſee,
The fading Beauties round her,
And ſhe her ſelf ſtill be--
The ſame that first you found her &c.

Oft is the marriage ſtate
With Jealouſie attended;
And hence thro' foul debate,
Are Nuptial joys ſuſpended &c.

But you with ſuch a Wife,
No Jealous fears are under;
She's yours alone for li--fe,
Or much we all ſhou'd wonder &c.

Her death wou'd grieve you ſore,
But let it not torment you;
My life ſhe'll ſee fourſco--re,
If that will but content you &c.

On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in Childbed dy--e,
Unleſs the Devil's in her &c.

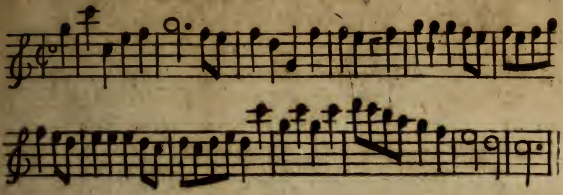
Some have the name of Hell
To matrimony given;
How falſely you can te--ll,
Who have found it ſuch a Heaven &c.

With ſpouſe long ſhare the Bliſs,
You had miſt in any other;
And when you've bury'd th--is,
May you have ſuch another &c

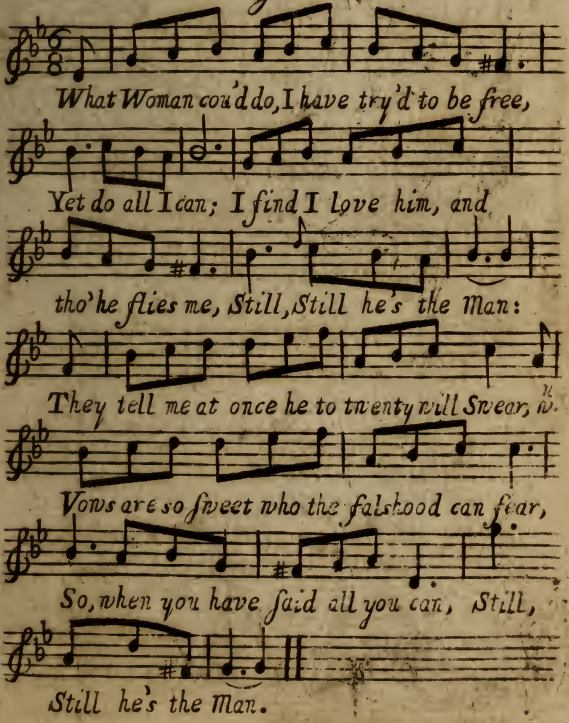
Obſerving hence from you,
In marriage ſuch decorum;
Our wiſer youths ſhall do--
As you have done before 'em,

Happy Dick.

FLUTE.

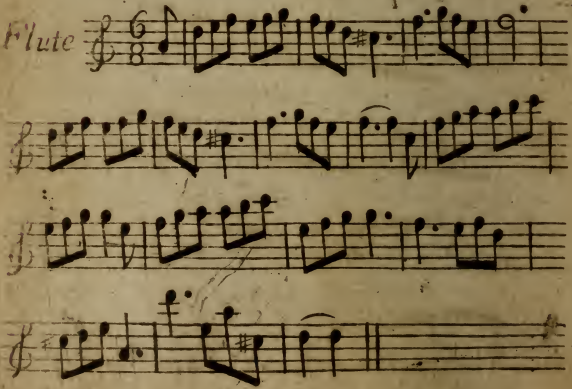


The Words by Mr. Cibber.

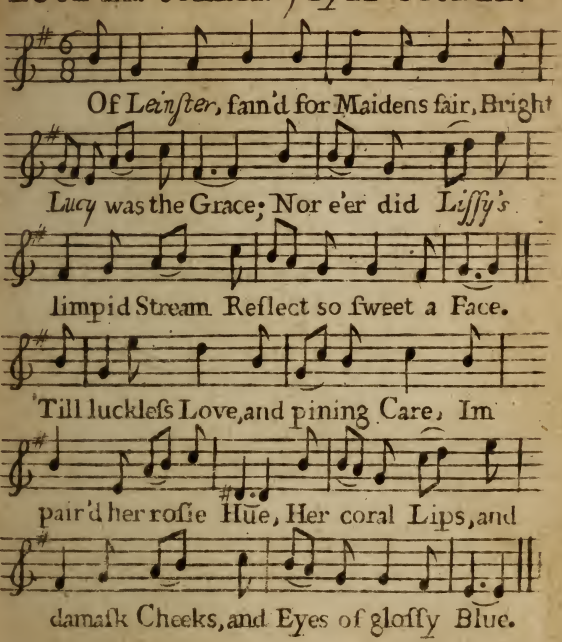

What Woman could do, I have try'd to be free,
Yet do all I can; I find I love him, and
tho' he flies me, Still, Still he's the Man:
They tell me at once he to twenty will Swear, &c.
Vows are so sweet who the falshood can fear,
So, when you have said all you can, Still,
Still he's the Man.

I Caught him once making Love to a Maid,
When to him I ran,
He turn'd, and he kiſt me, then who could upbraid
So Civil a Man:
The next Day I found to a third he was kind,
I Rated him ſoundly, he ſwore I was blind,
So let me do what I can,
Still, Still he's the Man.

All the World bids me beware of his Art,
I do what I can:
But he has taken ſuch hold of my heart,
I Doubt he's the Man:
So ſweet are his kiſſes, his Looks are ſo kind,
He may have his faults, but If none I can find,
Who can do more then they can,
He Still is the Man.



LUCY and COLLIN.) By Mr. TICKEL.


Of Leinster, fam'd for Maidens fair, Bright
Lucy was the Grace; Nor e'er did Liffy's
limpid Stream Reflect so sweet a Face.
Till luckless Love, and pining Care, Im
pair'd her rosie Hue, Her coral Lips, and
damask Cheeks, and Eyes of glossy Blue.

Oh, have you seen a Lilly pale,
When beating Rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming Maid,
Her Life now near its End.
By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains
Take heed, ye easy Fair:
Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
Ye perjur'd Swains, beware.

Three times, all in the Dead of Night,
A Bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her Window thrice,
The Raven flap'd his Wing:
Too well the Love-lorn Maiden knew
The ſolemn boding Sound;
And thus, in dying Words, beſpoke
The Virgins, weeping round.

I hear a Voice you cannot hear,
Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
I ſee a Hand you cannot ſee,
Which beckons me away.
By a falſe Heart, and broken Vows,
In early Youth I dye;
Was I to blame, becauſe his Bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

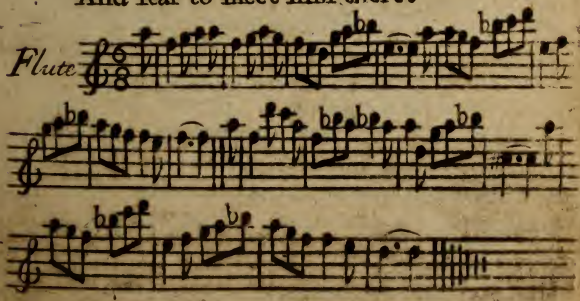
Ah, *Collin!* give not her thy Vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kiſs,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow in the Church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond Maid; and know, falſe Man,
That *Lucy* will be there.

Then bear my Coarſe, my Comerades, bear,
This Bridegroom blythe to meet;
He in his Wedding-Trim ſo gay,
I, in my Winding Sheet.
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd; her Coarſe was born,
The Bridegroom blythe to meet;
He in his Wedding-Trim ſo gay,
She in her Winding Sheet.

Then what were perjur'd *Collin's* Thoughts?
How were these Nuptials kept?
The Bridesmen flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
And all the Village wept.
Confusion, Shame, Remorse, Despair,
At once his Bosom swell;
The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

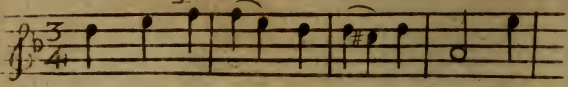
From the vain Bride (ah Bride no more!)
The varying Crimson fled;
When stretch'd before her Rival's Coarse,
She saw her Husband dead.
Then to his *Lucy's* new-made Grave,
Convey'd by trembling Swains,
One Mold with her, beneath one Sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this Grave, the constant Hind
And plighted Maid are seen;
With Garlands gay, and True-Love Knots,
They deck the sacred Green.
But, Swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd Spot forbear;
Remember *Collin's* dreadfull Fate,
And fear to meet him there.

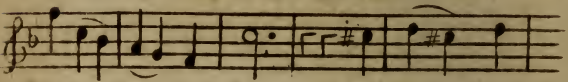


The Way to be SAVED.

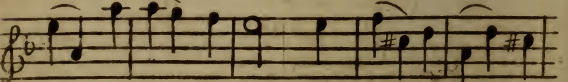
Set by Mr. N. HAYM.



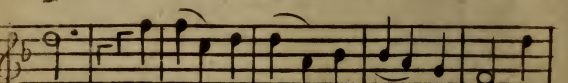
Musing on Cares of humane Fate, In



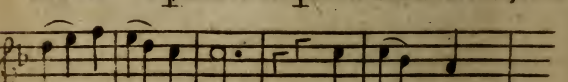
a sad Cypress Grove; A strange Dis-



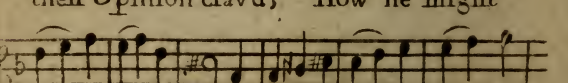
pute I heard of late, 'Twixt Virtue, Fame, and



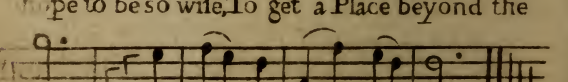
Love: A pensive Shepherd ask'd Advice, And



their Opinion crav'd, How he might



hope to be so wise, To get a Place beyond the

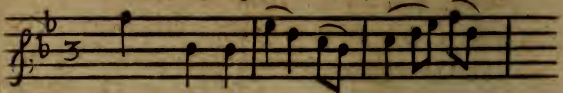


Skies, And how he might be sav'd.

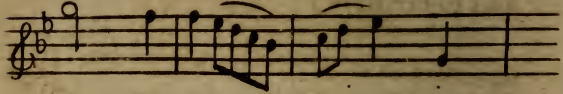
Nice Virtue preach'd Religion's Laws,
Paths to eternal Reſt;
To fight his King's and Country's Cauſe,
Fame counſell'd him was beſt.
But Love oppos'd their noiſy Tongues,
And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
"Get, get a Miſtreſs, fair and young,
"Love fiercely, conſtantly and long,
"And then thou ſhalt be ſav'd.

Swift as a Thought, the amorous Swain
To *Silvia's* Cottage flies;
In ſoft Expreſſions told her plain
The way to heav'nly Joys.
She, who with Piety was ſtor'd,
Delays no longer crav'd.
Charm'd by the God whom they ador'd
She ſmil'd and took him at his Word.
And thus they both were ſav'd.

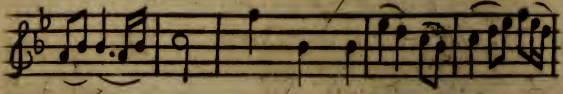
In Praise of ANNIE.



Young *Annie's* budding Gra ces

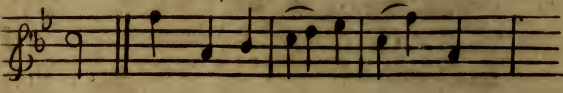


claim The inspir'd Thought and

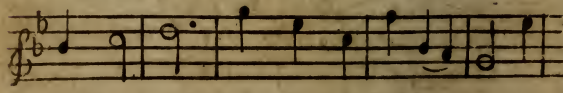


soft est Lays, And kindle in the Breast a

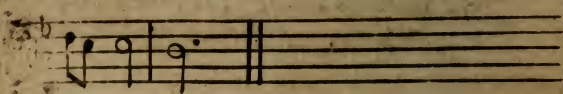
Flame, Which must be vented in her



Praise. Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds,



have you seen E'er One so like an Angel



tread the Green?

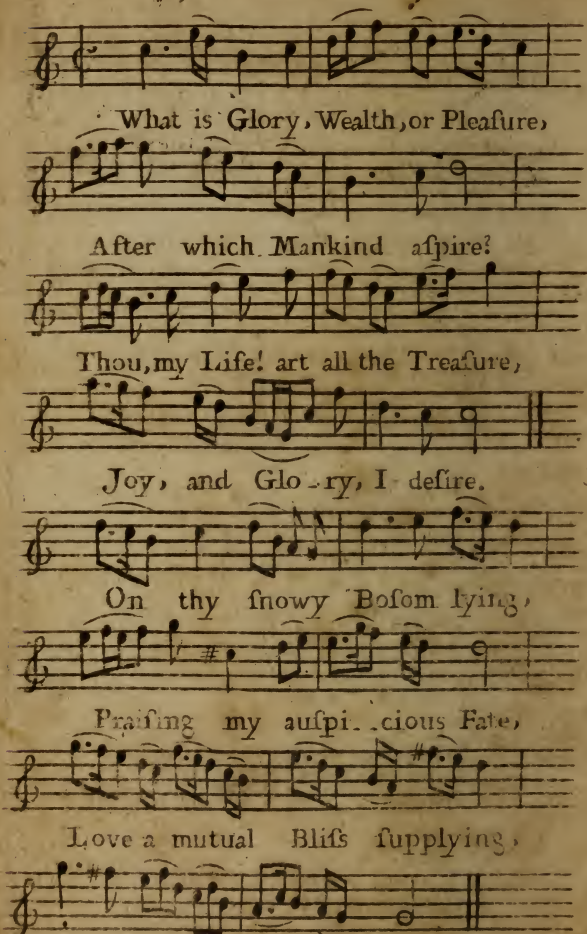
Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts,
When she appears, take the Alarm:
Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
And wings an Arrow from each Charm.
Around her Eyes, and Smiles, the Graces sport
And to her snowy Neck and Breasts resort.

But vain must ev'ry Caution prove,
When such inchanting Sweetness shines:
The wounded Swain must yield to Love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
Such Flames the foppish Butter-fly should shun
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair,
Her lovely Features are complete;
Whilst Heav'n, indulgent, makes her share
With Angels all that's wise and sweet.
These Virtues, which divinely deck her Mind
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior Kind.

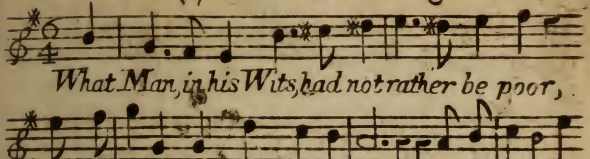
Whether she love the rural Scenes,
Or sparkle in the airy Town,
O happy He her Favour gains,
Unhappy! if she on him frown.
The Muse unwilling quits the lovely Theme,
Adieu, she sings, and thrice repeats her Name.

The Words by Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. TENOE.


What is Glory, Wealth, or Pleasure,
After which Mankind aspire?
Thou, my Life! art all the Treasure,
Joy, and Glo-ry, I desire.
On thy snowy Bosom lying,
Prais'ing my auspi-cious Fate,
Love a mutual Bliss supplying,
I am Hap-py, Rich, and Great.

The Miser's Pursuit.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.


What Man, in his Wits, had not rather be poor,
Then for Lucre his Freedom to give! Ever busily
Means of his Life to secure, and so ever neglecting to
live! and so ever neglecting to live!

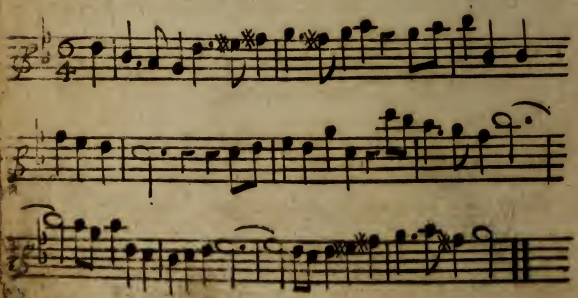
Inviron'd from Morning to Night in a Crowd
Not a Moment unbent or alone:
Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,
And at ev'ry one's Call but his own:
And at ev'ry one's Call but his own:

Still repining, and longing for Quiet each Hour,
Yet studiously flying it still;
With the Means of enjoying his Wish in his Pow'r
But accurst with his wanting the Will:
But accurst with his wanting the Will.

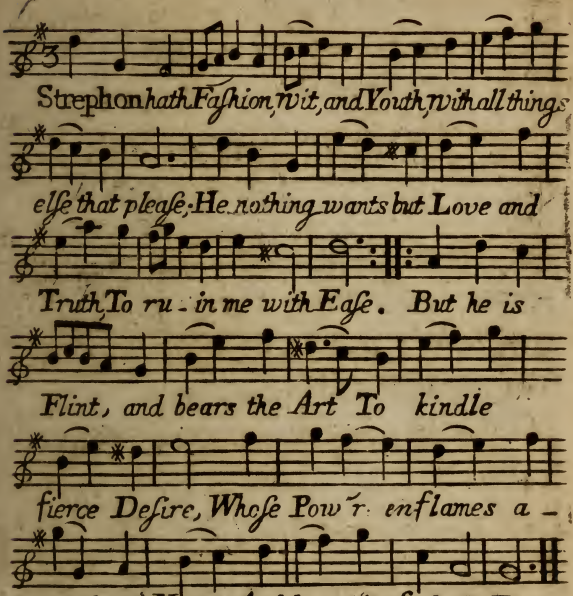
For a Year must be past, or a Day must be come,
Before he has Leisure to rest:
He must add to his Store this, or that pretty Sum;
And then will have Time to be blest:
And then will have Time to be blest.

But his Gains, more bewitching, the more they increase,
Only swell the Desire of his Eye:
Such a Wretch let mine Enemy live, if he please;
Let not even mine Enemy die:
Let not even mine Enemy die.

For the Flute



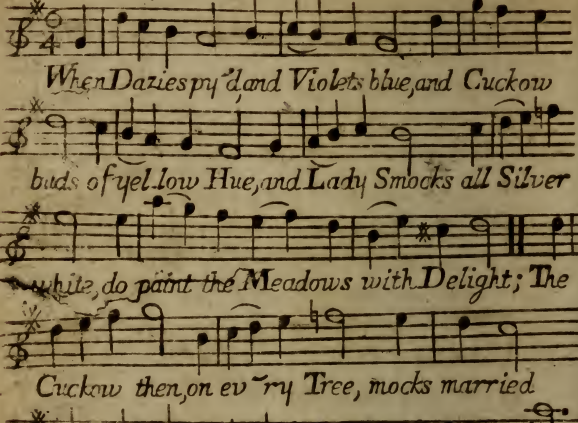
The Insensible *Written by a* Lady.


Strephon hath Fashion, wit, and Youth, with all things
else that please; He nothing wants but Love and
Truth To ru - in me with Ease. But he is
Flint, and bears the Art To kindle
fierce Desire, Whose Pow'r enflames a -
- nother's Heart, And he ne'er feels the Fire.

Oh how it does my Soul perplex,
When I his Charms recall;
To think he should despise the Sex,
Or, what's worse, love 'em all.
So that my Heart, like Noah's *Dove,*
In vain has sought for Rest;
Finding no Hopes to fix my Love,
Returns into my Breast.

From Shakespear) *Set by* Mr. Leveridge.

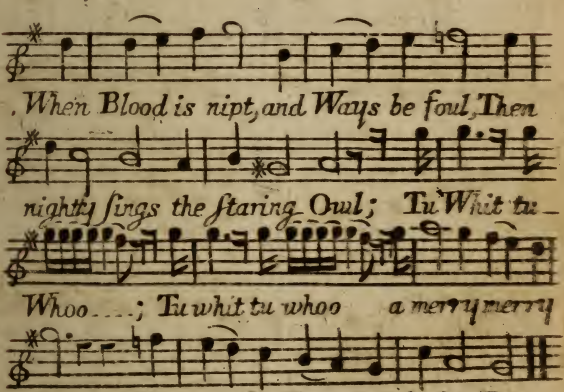
Summer.


When Dazies py'd, and Violets blue, and Cuckow
buds of yel low Hue, and Lady Smocks all Silver
white, do paint the Meadows with Delight; The
Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree, mocks married
Men, for thus sings he, Cuckow! Cuckow! o
Word of Fear Unpleasing to a married Ear.

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten Straws,
And merry Larks are Plowmen's Clocks;
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws;
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks:
The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckow! Cuckow! o Word of Fear
Unpleasing to a married Ear.

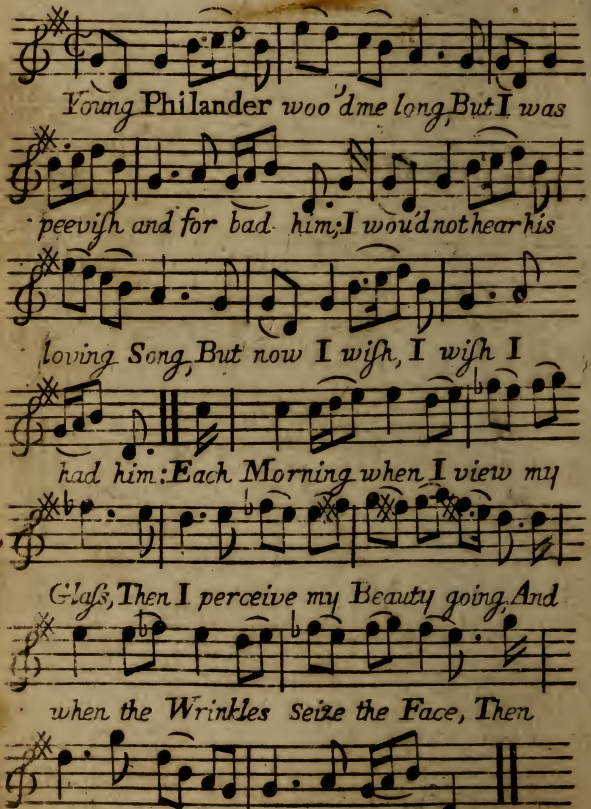
Winter.

When Icicles hang by the Wall,
And Dick *the Shepherd blows his Nail;*
And Tom bears Logs into the Hall:
And Milk comes frozen home in Pail:


When Blood is nipt, and Ways be foul, Then
nightly sings the staring Owl; Tu Whit tu-
Whoo....; Tu whit tu whoo a merry merry
Note, While greasie Joan doth keel the Pot.

When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
And Coughing drowns the Parson's Saw
And Birds sit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrian's *Nose looks red and raw:*
Then roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl;
And nightly sings the staring Owl:
Tu whit tu whoo, a merry merry Note,
While greasie Joan *doth keel the Pot.*

Celia's *Reflection on her self for slighting* Philander's Love.


Young Philander woo'd me long, But I was
peevish and for bad him; I would not hear his
loving Song, But now I wish, I wish I
had him: Each Morning when I view my
Glass, Then I perceive my Beauty going, And
when the Wrinkles Seize the Face, Then
we may bid a dieu to Wooing.

My Beauty, once so much admir'd,
I find it fading fast, and flying;
My Cheeks, which Coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying:
Ah! we may see our selves to be
Like Summer Fruit that is unshaken:
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
And by Corruption quickly taken.

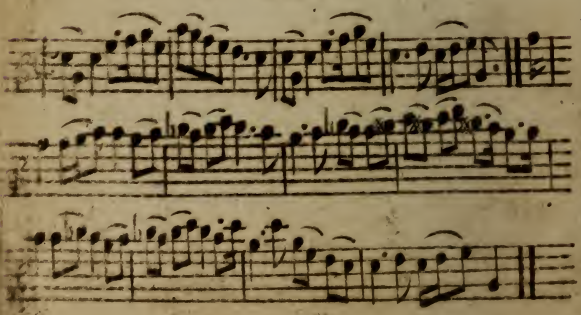
Use then your Time, ye Virgins fair,
Employ your Day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a Season rare,
But Five and Twenty is the Devil.
Just when ripe consent unto't,
Hug no more your lonely Pillow;
For Women are like other Fruit,
They lose their Relish when too mellow.

If Opportunity be lost,
You'll find it hard to be reclaimd;
Which now I may tell to my Cost,
Tho' but my self none can be blame:
If then your Fortune you respect,
Take the Occasion when it offers;
Nor a true Lover's Suit neglect,
Lest ye be scoff'd for being Scoffers,

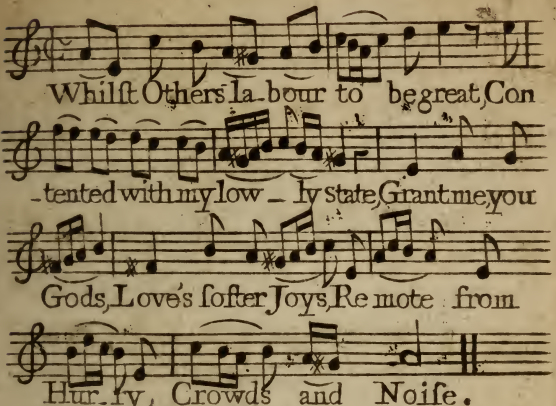
I, by his fond Expreſsions thought,
That in his Love he'd ne'er prove changing;
But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
And, paſt my Hopes, he's gone a ranging.
Dear Maidens, then take my Advice,
And let not Coyneſs prove your Ruin;
For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
Your Suitors will give over wooing.

Then Maidens Old you nam'd will be,
And in that fretful Rank be number'd
As long as Life; and when ye die,
With leading Apes be ever cumber'd:
A Puniſhment, and hated Brand
With which none of us are contented;
Then be not wiſe behind the Hand,
That the Miſtake may be prevented.

For the Flute.

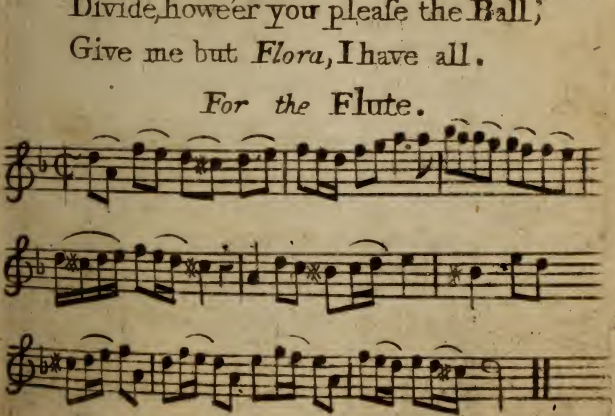


Set by Mr. *N. HAYM.*

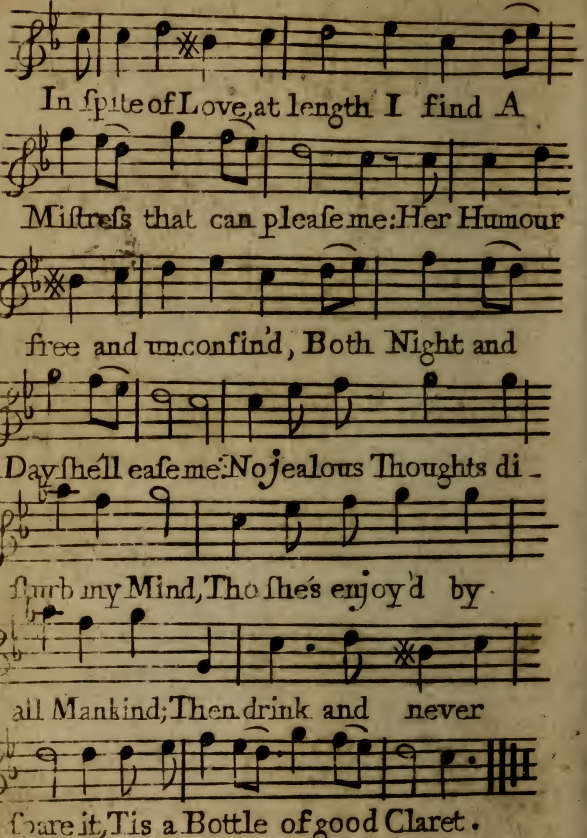

Whilst Others la-bour to be great, Con
-tented with my low-ly state, Grant me you
Gods, Love's softer Joys, Re mote from
Hur-ry, Crowds and Noise.

Riches and Titles give elſe where,
To thoſe that think them worth their Care;
Divide, howe'er you pleaſe the Ball,
Give me but *Flora*, I have all.

For the Flute.



In Praiſe of CLARET


In ſpite of Love, at length I find A
Miſtreſs that can pleaſe me: Her Humour
free and unconfin'd, Both Night and
Day ſhe'll eaſe me: No jealous Thoughts di-
ſturb my Mind, Tho ſhe's enjoy'd by
all Mankind; Then drink and never
ſpare it, 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

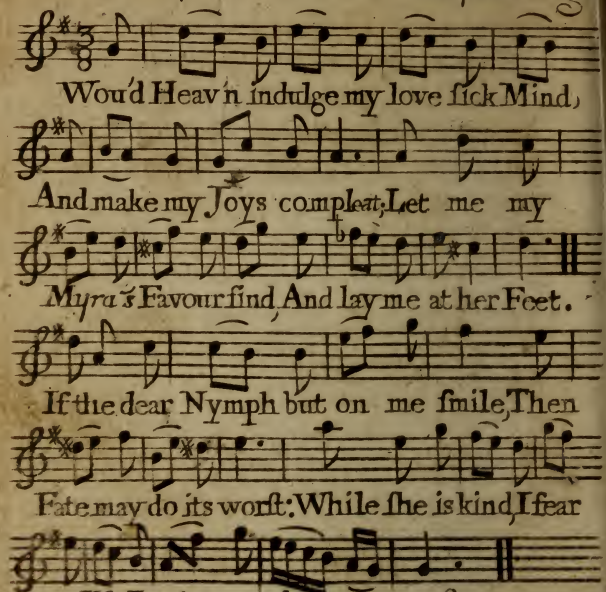
Chorus. *Then Drink &c.*

If you, thro' all her naked Charms,
Her little Mouth discover,
Then take her blushing to your Arms
And use her like a Lover;
Such Liquor she'll distill from thence,
As will transport your ravish'd Sense:
Then kiss, and never spare it,
Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then kiss &c.*

But best of all! she has no Tongue,
Submissive she obeys me;
She's fully better old than young,
And still to Smiling sways me:
Her skin is smooth, Complexion black,
And has a most delicious Smack;
Then kiss and never spare it,
Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then kiss &c.*

If you her Excellence would taste,
Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
Clap your Hand about her Waste,
And raise her up behind; Sir;
As for her Bottom never doubt,
Push but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink, and never spare it,
Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then Drink &c.*

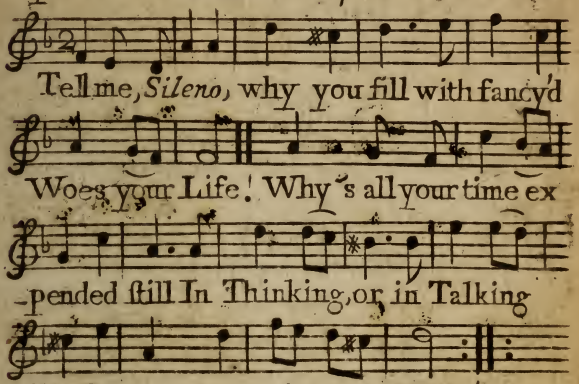
The Words by Mr Torkinton *set by* Mr Gouge


Wou'd Heav'n indulge my love sick Mind,
And make my Joys compleat; Let me my
Myra's Favour find, And lay me at her Feet.
If the dear Nymph but on me smile, Then
Fate may do its worst: While she is kind, I fear
no Ill; I ne'er can be ac-curst.

With her I cou'd for ever dwell,
There's Heav'n within her Arms;
But, absent from her, I'm in Hell;
Dire Grief my Soul alarms:
I rave, I burn, I pine, I dye,
Nought can my Heart relieve;
But at her Sight my Sorrows fly,
Her Presence bids me live.

To a JEALOUS HUSBAND.

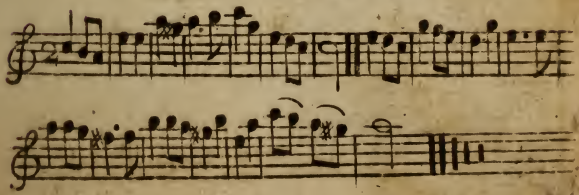
By Mr. Concanen *Set by* Mr. Galliard.


Tell me, *Sileno*, why you fill with fancy'd
Woes your Life! Why 's all your time ex
-pended ſtill In Thinking, or in Talking
ill, Of your too virtuous Wife!

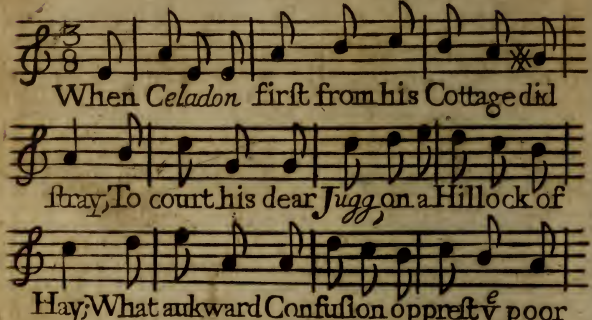
For, faith, I can't ſee to what End
You keep her up ſo cloſe:
Nor how you cou'd your ſelf offend
That like a Snail, my gloomy Friend,
You never leave your Houſe.

Ah! Were ſhe but adviſ'd by me,
Her many Taunts and Scorns
With Intereſt ſhou'd refunded be
She'd make a perfect Snail of thee,
By decking thee with Horns.

For the FLUTE



CELADON'S JUGG *Set by* Mr Green.


When Celadon first from his Cottage did
stray, To court his dear Jugg, on a Hillock of
Hay; What awkward Confusion oppresty poor
Swain, When thus he deliver'd his
Passion in Pain!

O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes,
Sweet *Jugg*, tis for thee faithful *Celadon* dies;
My Pipe I've forsaken, tho reckon'd so sweet,
And sleeping, and waking, thy Name I repeat,

When Swains to an Alehouse by force do me lug,
Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jugg;

And

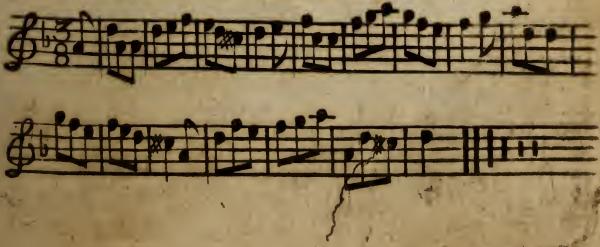
And ſure you can't chide at repeating your Name,
When the Nightingale every Night does ye ſame.

Sweet *Jugg* he a hundred times o'er does repeat,
Which makes People ſay ye his Voice is ſo ſweet:
Oh why can you laugh at my ſorrowful Tale:
Too well I'm aſſur'd that my Words wont prevail

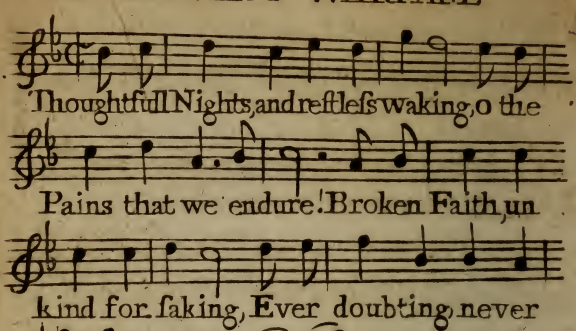
For *Roger* the Thatcher poſſeſſes thy Breaſt,
As he at the laſt Harveſt Supper confeſs'd;
I own it, ſays *Jugg*, he has gotten my Heart,
His long curling Hair is ſo pretty and ſmart.

His Eyes are ſo black and his Cheeks are ſo red,
They prevail more with me, than all you have ſaid;
Tho' you court me, and kiſs me, and do what you can
'Twill ſignifie nothing, for *Roger* 's the Man.

For the Flute



The LOVER'S WARFARE

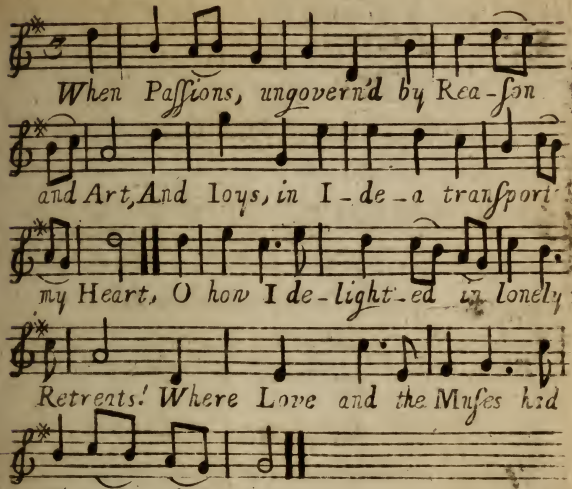

Thoughtfull Nights, and reſtleſs waking, O the
Pains that we endure! Broken Faith, un
kind for ſaking, Ever doubting, never
ſure: Ever doubting, never ſure.

Hopes deceiving, vain Endeavours;
What a Race has Love to run,
Falſe Proteſting, fleeting Favours;
Every, every way undone:
Every, every way undone.

Still complaining, and defending,
Each to love, yet ne'er agree;
Fears tormenting Paſſion rending;
O the Racks of Jealouſy!
O the Racks of Jealouſy!

From ſuch painful ways of Living,
Ah! how ſweet, cou'd Love be free;
Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
Fierce, immortal Ecſtaſie:
Fierce immortal Ecſtaſie.

The Cure of Folly Set by N. Haym


When Passions, ungovern'd by Rea-son
and Art, And Joys, in I-de-a transport
my Heart, O how I de-light-ed in lonely
Retreats! Where Love and the Muses hid
Cho-sen their Seats.

There oft was I wont the long Day to Consume,
In wishing and promising Pleasures to come:
But Wishes and Promises then were in vain;
For Youth was to me the sad Season of Pain.

Afflicted with Sorrows of various Sort,
I hated Diversions and irksome grew Sport
The only poor Solace my Life could Profess
Was Imaginations and Dreams of Success.

Sometimes to alleviate the Weight of my Woe,
I sipp'd of the Streams that from Helicon *flow:*
But Musick and Poetry soften'd my Heart,
Cou'd never content, and but seldom divert.

O'erwhelm'd with Distresses, & nigh to Despair,
I, Resolute, travell'd to breathe a new Air;
In search of Relief to my turbulent Mind,
Left Kindred, and Country, and Business behind.

But, ah! cou'd a Stranger, unfriended and poor,
Expect what he sought for wou'd come in an Hour?
Improv'd was my Anguish, redoubled my Pain,
And trav'lling, like all other Comforts prov'd vain.

Yet patient and wiser I grew by Degrees,
And learnt due Submission t'eternal Decrees:
My Passions Subjected to Reason's Controul,
I found Satisfaction break in on my Soul.

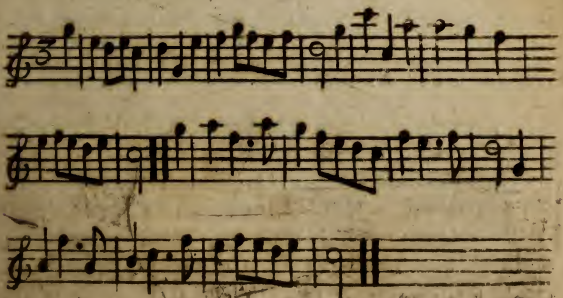
And, first, to my wish, did I meet with a Friend,
Who knew the World well, and right Counsel cou'd lend;
Brave, gen'rous and witty, good-humour'd and free,
Just, prudent, polite, and obliging to me.

In his Converſation, I ſenſibly found
My Suff'rings with Portion of Happineſs crown'd,
Oh! thought I, now nothing remains to compleat
My Bliſs, but a Nymph, ſoft, gay, and Diſcreet

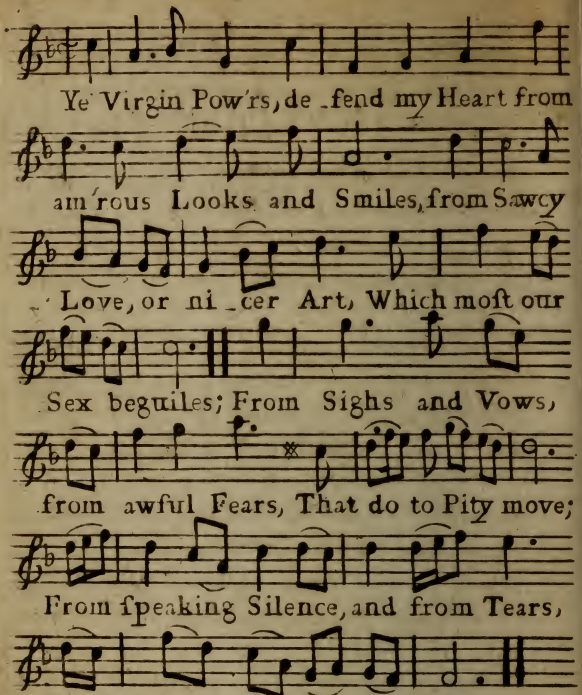
I found one with Beauty, Good humour and Wit,
Whoſe Manners and Conduct my Fancy did fit;
The leaſt of her Sex by Folly Miſ-led,
The kindeſt Companion, and true to my Bed.

What more, that I wiſh'd for, remains unbeſtow'd,
But Fame, and a Fortune above the dull Crow'd?
They are granted, and nothing is now to be done,
But to make a right Uſe of the Happineſs won.

Then far from the Town, and the Court I'll repair,
Accompany'd with my dear Friend and my Fair;
My laſt Scene of Life in Sweet Solitude lay,
Prepare for next World, and Steal gently away.

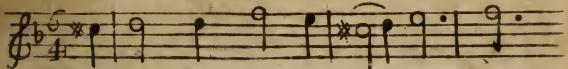


The Invocation *Written by a Lady*

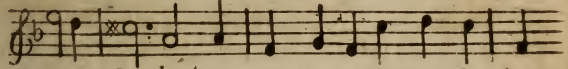

Ye Virgin Pow'rs, de_fend my Heart from
am'rous Looks and Smiles, from Sawcy
Love, or ni_cer Art, Which moſt our
Sex beguiles; From Sighs and Vows,
from awful Fears, That do to Pity move;
From ſpeaking Silence, and from Tears,
Thoſe Springs that wa_ter Love.

But if through Paſſion I grow blind,
Let Honour be my Guide;
And when frail Nature Seems inclin'd,
There place a Guard of Pride.
An Heart whoſe Flames are ſeen, tho' pure,
Needs ev'ry Virtue's Aid;
And ſhe who thinks herſelf Secure,
The ſooneſt is Betray'd.

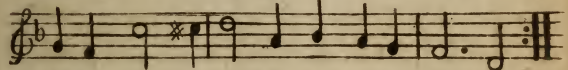
Sung in the Play call'd Wit without Money.



There was three lads in our Town, Slow



Men of *London*! they courted a Widow was bon-



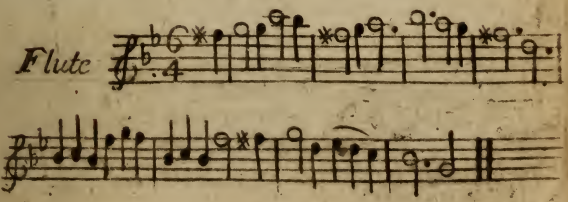
-ny & Brown, & yet they left her undone.

They went to work without their Tools;
Slow Men of *London*!
The Widow she sent them away like Fools,
Because they left her undone.

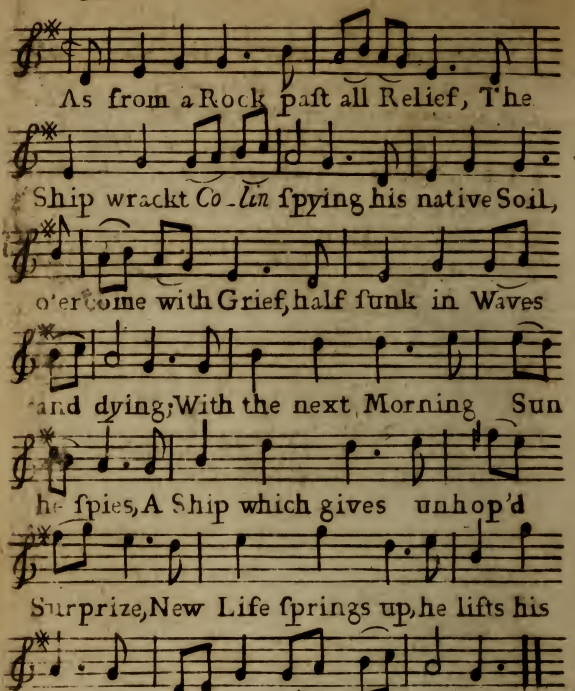
They often tasted this Widow's Chear;
Slow Men of *London*!
But yet the Widow was never the near,
For still they left her undone.

Blow, ye Winds; and come down, Rain;
Slow Men of *London*!
They never shall wooe this Widow again,
Because they left her undone.

Flute



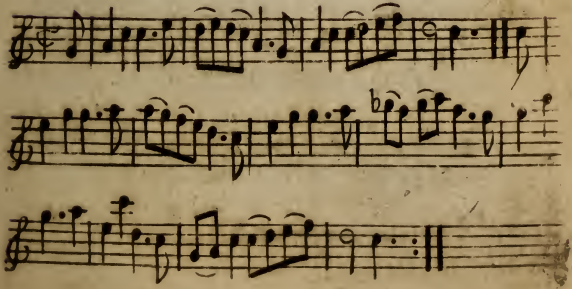
Peggy I muſt love thee


As from a Rock paſt all Relief, The
Ship wrackt Co-lin ſpying his native Soil,
o'ercome with Grief, half ſunk in Waves
and dying; With the next Morning Sun
he ſpies, A Ship which gives unhop'd
Surprize, New Life ſprings up, he lifts his
Eyes With Joy, and waits her Motion.

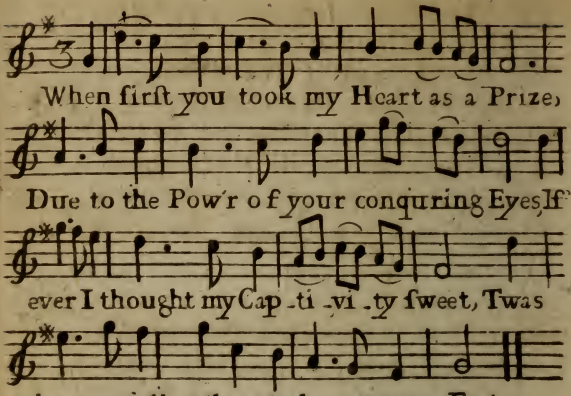
So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with Deſpair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
I found in *Peggy's* Mind and Face,
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
Fair Virtue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let Beauty yield to Manly Wit,
We loſe our ſelves in ſtaying;
I'll haſte dull Courtſhip to a Cloſe,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppoſe,
Why ſhou'd we happy Minutes loſe,
Since, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a Lover's Duty
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their Eaſe,
Doating on a proud Beauty:
Such was my Caſe for many a Year,
Still Hope ſucceeding to my Fear;
Falſe *Betty's* Charms now diſappear,
Since *Peggy's* far outſhine them.

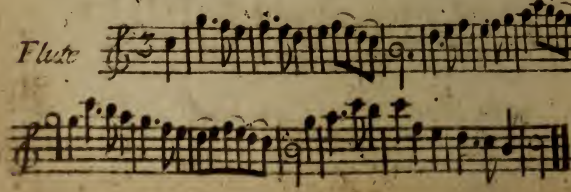


The Complaint.

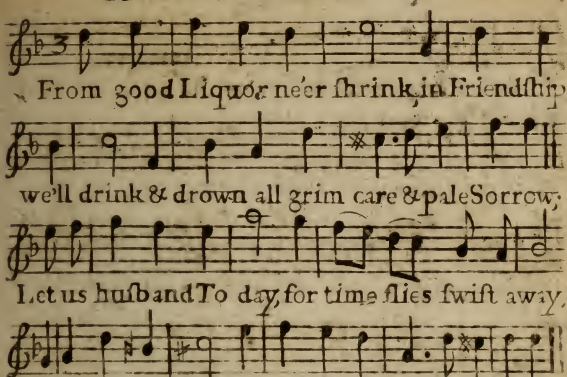

When first you took my Heart as a Prize,
Due to the Pow'r of your conquring Eyes, If
ever I thought my Cap-ti-vi-ty sweet, Twas
when you allow'd me to lye at your Feet.

But now so ungrateful you are grown,
All my kind Services you disown:
And when that I ask you to lengthen my Chain,
You always answer me, Love has no Pain.

Oh, did you know but the Pain I endure,
Sure you would never deny me the Cure;
But since it is so, I must hope for no Ease,
Since my Physician won't know my Disease.



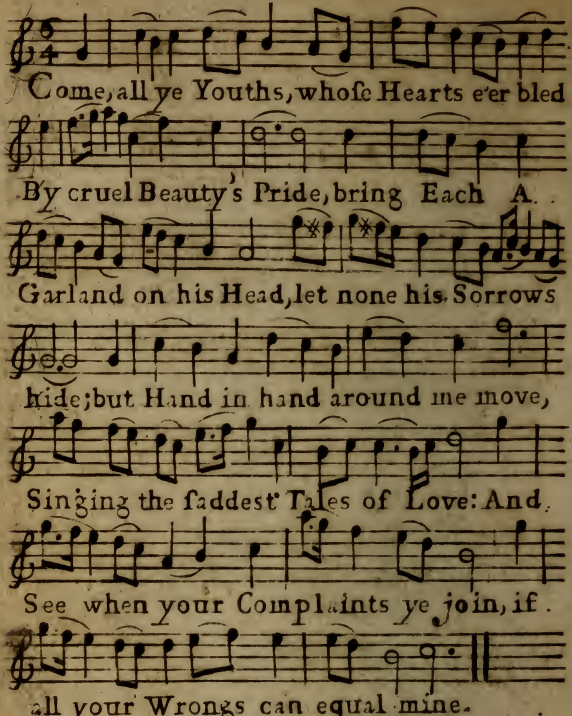
Chanson a Boire Set by
Mr *LEVERIDGE*


From good Liquor ne'er shrink, in Friendship
we'll drink & drown all grim care & pale Sorrow,
Let us husband To day, for time flies swift away,
& no one's asurd no no one's asurd of to morrow.

Of all the grave Sages
That grac'd the past Ages,
Did *Noah* the most did excel:
He first planted the Vine,
First tasted the Wine,
And got nobly drunk, and got nobly drunk
As they tell.

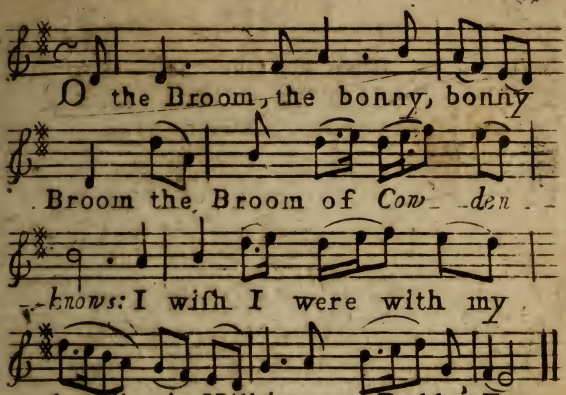
Say, why should not we
Get as bosky as he,
Since here's Liquor as well will inspire.
Thus I fill up my Glass
I'll see that it pass,
To the *Manes*, to the *Manes*, of that good
Old Sire.

Castalio's Complaint


Come, all ye Youths, whose Hearts e'er bled
By cruel Beauty's Pride, bring Each A
Garland on his Head, let none his Sorrows
hide; but Hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest Tales of Love: And
See when your Complaints ye join, if
all your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrows knew;
Pity the Pain with which I dye,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Bright as Heaven whose Form she bears,
Think of my Fate, and shun her Snares.

Scotch *SONG call'd* O the Broom



How blith ilk Morn was I to see
The Swain come o'er the Hill!
He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me:
I met him with good will.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,
The Burds sat listning by:
E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb,
While his Flock near me lay:
He gather'd in my Sheep at Een,
And Chear'd me a' the Day.

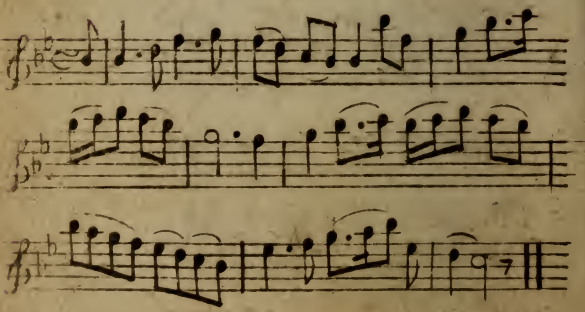
He did Oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Could I but thankful be?
He ſtraw my Heart, could I refuſe
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

While thus we ſpent our Time by turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play;
I envy'd not the faireſt Dame,
Tho' ne'er ſae rich and gay.

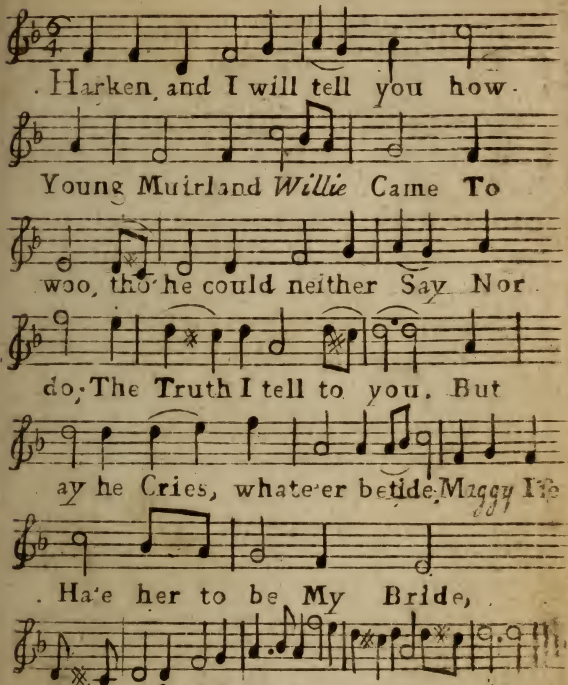
Hard Fate that I ſhould baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt Swain
That ever yet was born.

Adieu, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,
Farewel a' Pleaſures there;
Ye Gods, reſtore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care.

FLUTE



Scotch Wedding


Harken and I will tell you how
Young Muirland *Willie* Came To
woo, tho' he could neither Say Nor
do, The Truth I tell to you. But
ay he Cries, whate'er betide, *Maggy* I'le
Ha'e her to be My Bride,
With a fa lal &c.

On his gray Yad as he did ride,
With Durk and Piſtol by his Side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride
Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee:
Out o'er yon Moſs out o'er yon Mure
Till he came to her Dady's Door.
With a fa lal &c

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
I care no for making meikle Din,
What Anſwer gi' ye me?
Now, Woer, quoth he, would ye light down,
I'le gie ye my Doghter's Love to win,
With a ſa, lal, & c.

Now, Woer, ſince ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town,
I think my Doghter's winna gloon
On ſic a Lad as ye.
The Woer he ſtept up to the Houſe,
And Wow but he was wond'rous crouſe,
With a ſa, lal, & c.

I have three Owſen in a Plough,
Twa good ga'n Yads, and Gear enough,
The place they ca' it *Cadenough*;
I ſcorn to tell a Lie:
Beſides, I had frae thee great Laird,
A Peat-pat and a Lang-kail Yard,
With a ſa, lal, & c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the Town;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloon,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The Lover he ſtended up in Haſte,
And gript her hard about the Waſte,
With a ſa, lal, & c

To win your Love Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear,
And for my ſell ye need na fear,
Troth, try me whan ye like.
He took aff his Bonne & ſpat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and he prid her Mou',
With a fa, lal, &c.

The Maiden bluſht, and bing'd fu' law,
She had na will to ſay him na,
But to her Dady ſhe left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The Lover ee ga'e her the tither Kiſs,
Syne ran to her Dady and tell'd him this,
With a fa lal &c.

Your Doghter wad na ſay me na,
But to your ſell ſhe has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa,
Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
Now, Woer, quo' he, I hae nae meikle,
But ſick's I hae ye's get a Pickle,
With a fa, lal, &c.

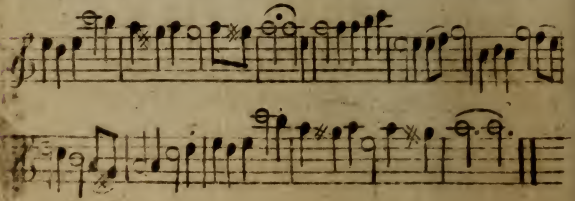
A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gie to thee,
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky',
Ye's hae the Wadding Dinner free,
Troth I dow do na mair
Content quoth he, a Bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame make haſte let's do't,
With a fa, lal, &c.

The Bridal Day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony blythſome Lad and Laſs,
But ſicken a Day there never was,
Sic Mirth was never ſeen.
This winſom Couple ſtraked Hands,
Meſs *John* ty'd up the Marriage Bands,
With a fa lal &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few
Wi' Tap knots, Lug-knots a'in blew,
Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
And blinked bonnilie
Their Toys and Mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our Ladſes Een,
With a fa lal & c.

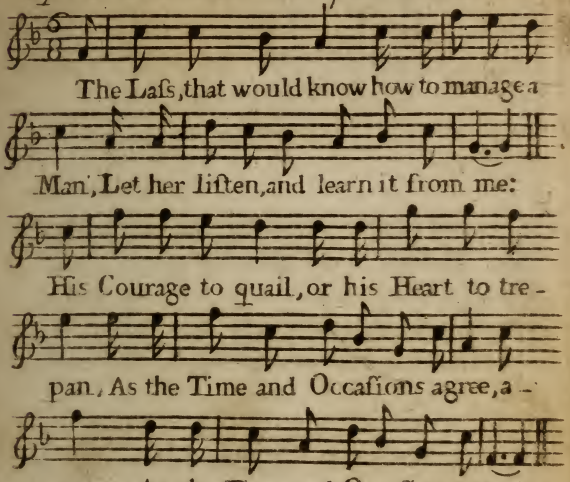
Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and ſick Din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him,
The Minſtrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
And ay they bobit and ay they beckt,
And ay their Wames together met,
With a fa. lal & c.

FLUTE



The Advice.

By Mr Concanen. *Set by* Mr Galliard.


The Lass, that would know how to manage a
Man, Let her listen, and learn it from me:
His Courage to quail, or his Heart to tre-
pan, As the Time and Occasions agree, a-
gree; As the Time and Occasions agree.

The Girl that has Beauty, tho' small be her Wit,
May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;
The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,
By the Use of that pretty Word...*No:*
By the Use of that pretty Word...*No.*

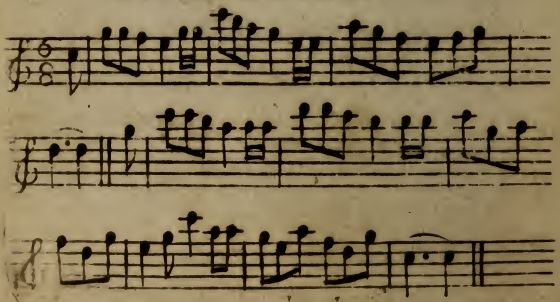
When ey'e powder'd Toupées in Crowds round her chat,
Each striving his Passion to show;
With--Kiss me, and love me, my Dear, and all that,
Let her Answer be still, *No, no, no:*
Let her Answer be still, *No, no, no.*

When a Doſe is contriv'd, to lay Virtue aſleep,
A Preſent, a Treat, or a Ball;
She ſtill muſt refuſe, if her Empire ſhe'd keep,
And, *No*, be her Anſwer to all.
And, *No*, be her Anſwer to all.

But when Maſter *Dappervit* offers his Hand,
Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
A Houſe, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land...
She's an Ideot, if then ſhe ſays *No*:
She's an Ideot, if then ſhe ſay's *No*.

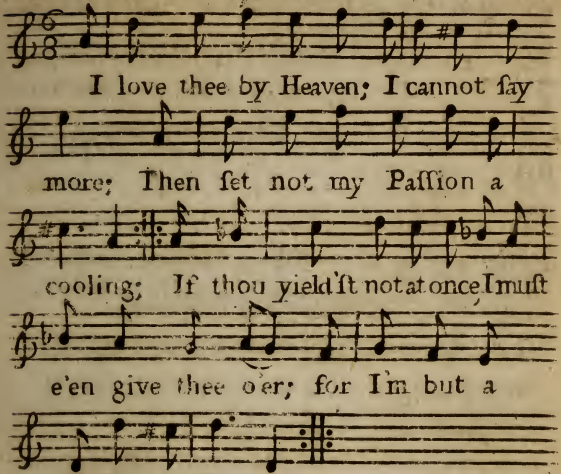
Whene'er ſhe's attack'd by a Youth, full of Charms,
Whoſe Courtſhip proclaims him a Man;
When preſs'd to his Boſom, and claſp'd in his Arms,
Then let her ſay *No*, if ſhe can:
Then let her ſay *No*, if ſhe can.

For the FLUTE.



A Love Song.

The Words by M^r^ Concanen.


I love thee by Heaven; I cannot say
more; Then set not my Passion a
cooling; If thou yield'st not at once I must
e'en give thee o'er; for I'm but a
Novice at Fooling.

Deeds
What my Love wants in Words, it shall make up in
Then why shou'd we waste Time in Stuff, Child?
A Performance, you wot well, a Promise exceeds
And a Word to the Wise is enough, Child.

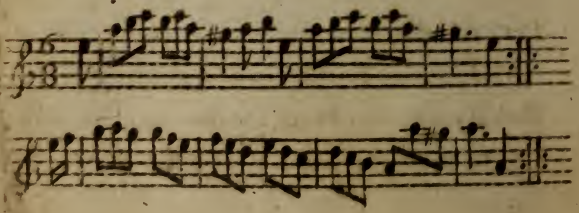
I know how to love, and to make that Love known
But I hate all Protesting and Arguing:
Had a Goddess my Heart, she shou'd e'en lie alone,
If she made many Words to a Bargain.

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond Eyes have been saying;
Pr'ythee be thou so too, seek for no better Term,
But e'en throw thy *Yea*, or thy *Nay* in.

I cannot bear Love, like a *Chancery*-Suit,
The Age of a Patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it, one way or other, an Ending.

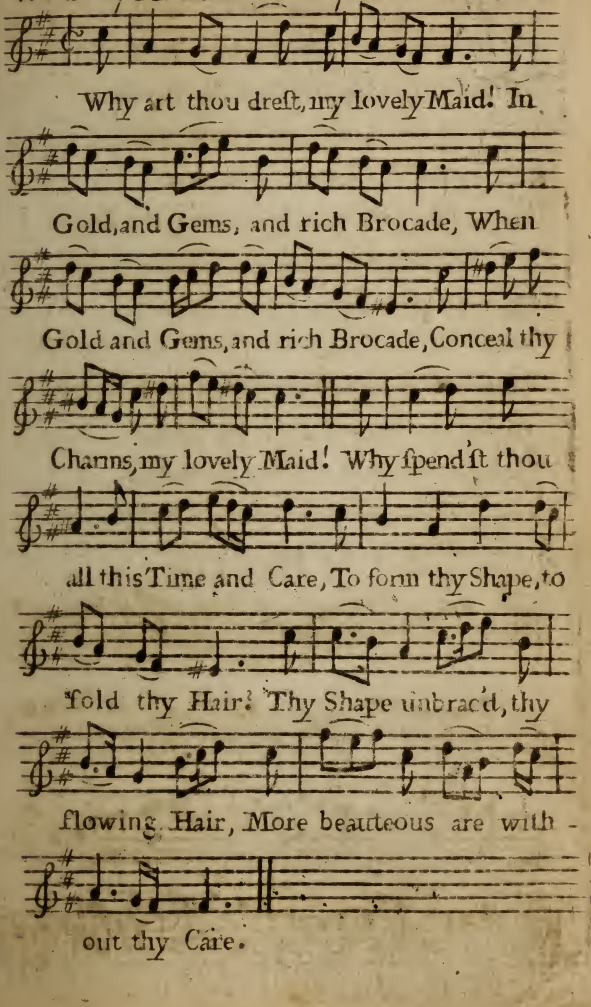
Long Courtship's the Vice of a Phlegmatick Fool;
Like the Grace of Fanatical Sinners,
Where ye Stomachs are loft, and ye Victuals grow cool,
Before Men fit down to their Dinners.

For the FLUTE.



To Flora dreſt.

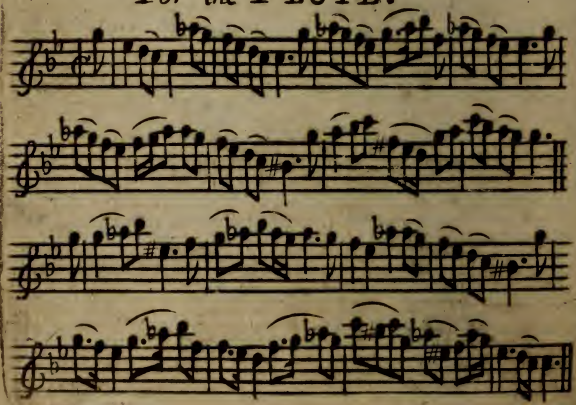
Words by M^r Baker. *Set by* M^r Tenoe.


Why art thou dreſt, my lovely Maid! In
Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade, When
Gold and Gems, and rich Brocade, Conceal thy
Charms, my lovely Maid! Why ſpend ſt thou
all this Time and Care, To form thy Shape, to
fold thy Hair! Thy Shape unbrac'd, thy
flowing Hair, More beauteous are with -
out thy Care.

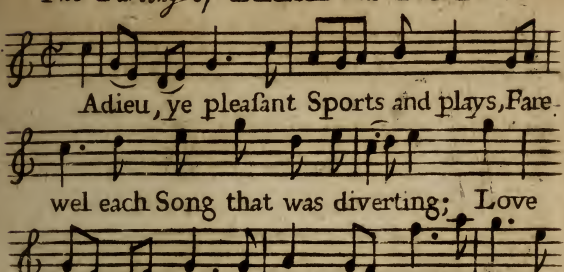
Wou'dſt thou, indeed, be finely dreſt?
Put by this Robe which hides thy Breaſt:
Unbind thy Hair, and bare thy Breaſt,
Thou art, my Charmer! finely dreſt.
Remove theſe Veſtments all away,
Which like dark Clouds obſcure the Day:
O! let them not obſcure thy Day:
Remove them all, my Fair! away.

Then ſhining forth adorn'd with Charms,
Ah! let me fold thee in my Arms!
Tranſported, fold thee in my Arms!
And gaze and wonder at thy Charms.

For the FLUTE.



The Parting of DELIA *and* DAMON.


Adieu, ye pleasant Sports and plays, Fare-
wel each Song that was diverting; Love
tunes my Pipe to mournful Lays, I sing of
Delia and *Damon's* Parting. Long had he
lov'd, and long conceal'd, The dear tor-
menting pleasing Passion, 'Till *Delia's*
Mildness had prevail'd On him to
shew his Inclination.

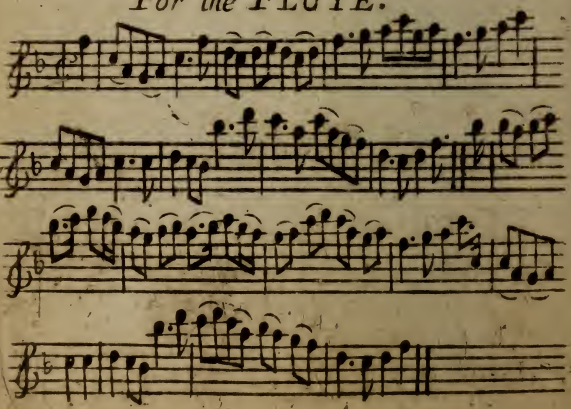
Just as the Fair One seem'd to give
A Patient Ear to his Love Story,
Damon must his lov'd *Delia* leave,
To go in Quest of toilsome Glory.

Half-ſpoken Words hung on his Tongue,
Their Eyes refus'd their uſual Meeting;
And Sighs ſupply'd their wonted Song,
Theſe charming Sounds were chang'd to Weeping.

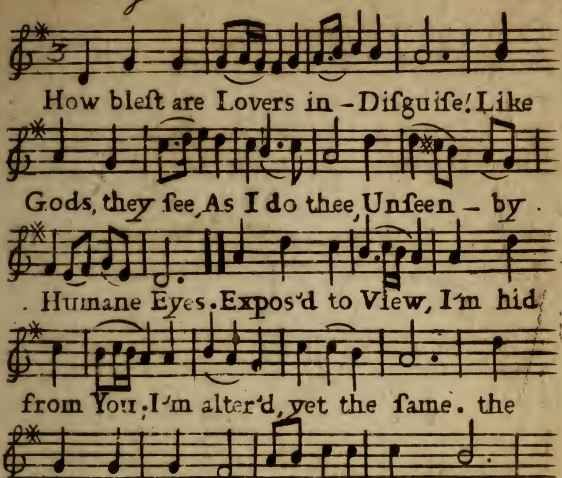
Deaf Idol of my Soul, adieu;
Ceaſe to lament, but ne'er to love me:
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other Charms ſhall ever move me.
Alas! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her.
The Thought deſtroys my Heart with Care,
Adieu, my Dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my Vows,
May then my Guardian Angel leave me:
And more to aggravate my Woes,
Be you ſo good as to forgive me.

For the FLUTE.

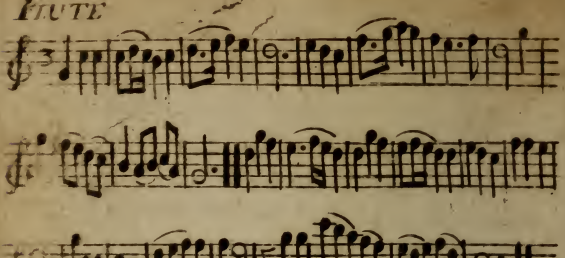


Sung in Love *and a* Bottle.

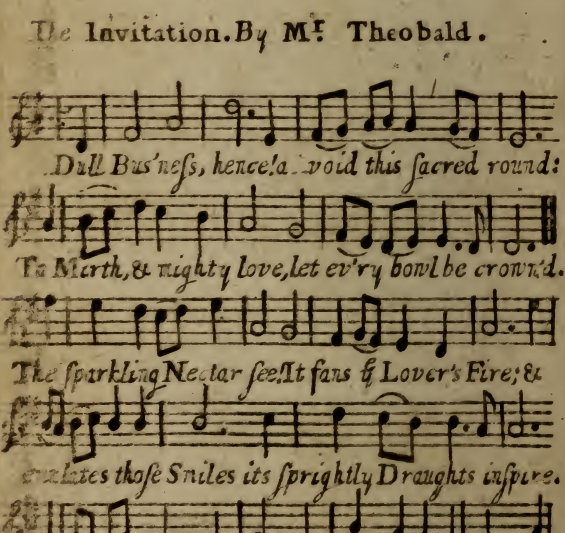

How bleſt are Lovers in - Diſguiſe! Like
Gods, they ſee, As I do thee, Unſeen - by
. Humane Eyes. Expos'd to View, I'm hid
from You, I'm alter'd, yet the ſame. the
Dark conceals me, Love reveals Me;
Love, which lights me by its Flame.

Were you not falſe, you me wou'd know,
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not deviſe,
Your Heart had told you ſo:
Your Heart wou'd beat
With eager Heat;
And me by Sympathy wou'd find:
True Love might ſee
One chang'd like me;
Falſe love is only blind.

Flute



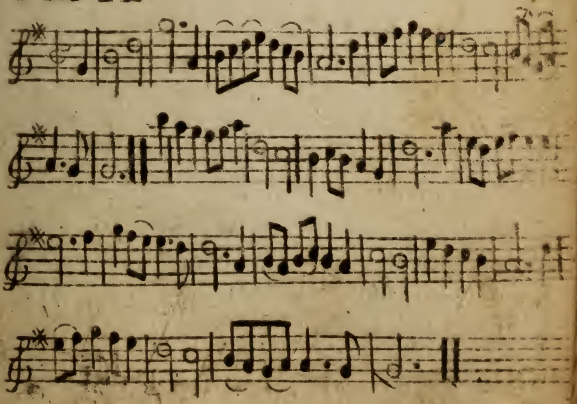
The Invitation. By Mr. Theobald.


Dull Business, hence! a - void this sacred round:
To Mirth, & mighty love, let ev'ry bowl be crown'd.
The sparkling Nectar see! It fans & Lover's Fire; &
exhilates those Smiles its sprightly Draughts inspire.
The generous Juice who scorns & wears a sullen brow, still
let his Mistress frown, & he no Pleasures know!

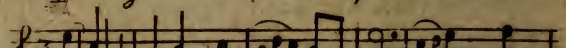
To Chloe's Name let's consecrate the Glass;
Chloe shall make each Round with livelier Transport Pass:
What tho' the Brain should rock, & swimming eyes should roul;
Love, mighty love, does more: Intoxicates the Soul.
Then, like true Sons of Joy let's laugh at ye Precise:
When Wisdom grows austere; 'tis Folly to be wise.

This 'tis to live; thus Time is nobly lost:
To drink, & love, is all dull man from life can boast.
Thou Fiend, Reflection, hence! Mirth shall not be allay'd
Tho' less'ning Tapers waste & ye pale Stars should fade:
No matter when ye Morn, or brighter Phœbus, rise:
The Morn's in Chloe's Cheek, & Phœbus in her Eyes.

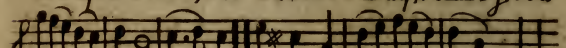
FLUTE



Cupid *mistaken the words by* Mr Prior .



As after Noon, one Summer's Day, Venus stood



bathing in a River, Cupid, a shooting, went that

way, new strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quivre;

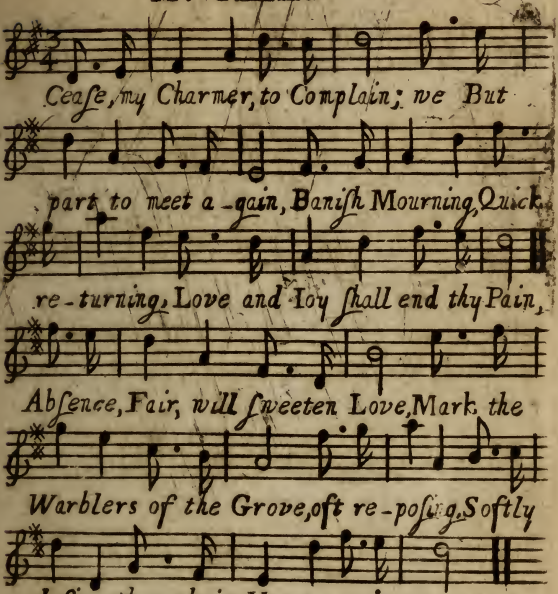
With Skill he Chose his sharpest Dart:
With all his Might his Bow he drew.
Swift to his beauteous Parent's Heart
The too well-guided Arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the Goddess cry'd.
O cruel, coul'dst thou find none other
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy Mother.

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could Speak,
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know Ye:
Alas! how easie my Mistake?
I took you for your Likeness, Chloe

FLUTE

The Relenting Lover. *Set by* Mr. Galliard.


Ceaſe, my Charmer, to Complain; we But
part to meet a-gain, Baniſh Mourning, Quick
re-turning, Love and Joy ſhall end thy Pain,
Abſence, Fair, will ſweeten Love, Mark the
Warblers of the Grove, oft re-poſing, Softly
cloſing, they their Harmony im---prove

Fame and Honour bid me go,
What, alas! then ſhall I do,
Can I grieve her?
Shall I leave her?
Love, and Beauty, anſwer No,

Since my Fair will have me ſtay,
Let me kiſs thoſe Tears away,
Fame defying,
Honour flying,
Love, and her, I muſt obey.

A Pastoral Courtship) *to the foregoing Tune*

Gentle Zephyrs, silent Glades,
Purling Streams, and cooling Shades,
Senses pleasing,
Pains appeasing,
Love each tender Breast invades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,
Here the Warbling Choristers sing,
Love inspiring,
All desiring
To adorn the infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,
Free from Anguish, free from Pains,
Nymphs complying,
Cares beguiling,
Venus, smiling, glads the Plains.

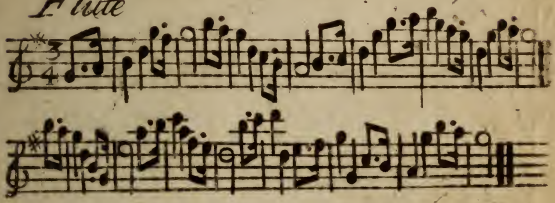
Let us not, too Charming Fair,
Be the only hapless Pair:
Oh relieve me;
Cease to grieve me;
Ease your anxious Lover's Care.

Kindly here indulge my Love:
This is, my Dear, no tell-tale Grove;
Not revealing,
But concealing;
All to Love propitious prove.

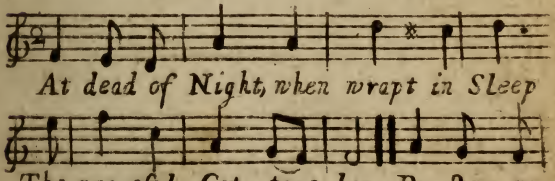
In thy Air, and charming Face,
Dwells an irresistless Grace;
Ever charming,
Love alarming,
To pursue the blissfull Chace.

Let me touch this panting Breast;
Here for ever let me rest;
Bliss enjoying,
Never cloying,
Ever loving ever blest.

Flute



The Power of Love Set by Mr. Galliard


At dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep
The peaceful Cot-tage lay, Pa-sto-ra
left her folded Sheep, her Garland, Crook,
and useless Scrip; Love led ye Nymph a-stray

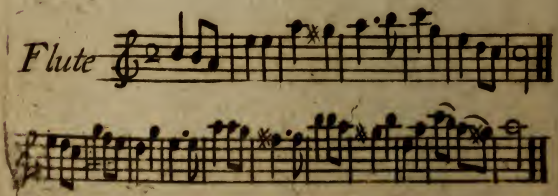
Loose, and undress'd she takes her Flight
To a Near Myrtle Shade;
The conscious Moon gave all her Light,
To bless her ravish'd Lover's Sight,
And guide the Loving Maid.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And, to assuage his Pain,
His restless Passion he obeys;
At such an Hour, in such a Place,
What Lover cou'd contain?

In vain she call'd the conscious Moon,
The Moon no Succour gave:
The cruel Stars unmov'd, look'd on,
And seem'd to smile at what was done,
Nor wou'd her Honour save.

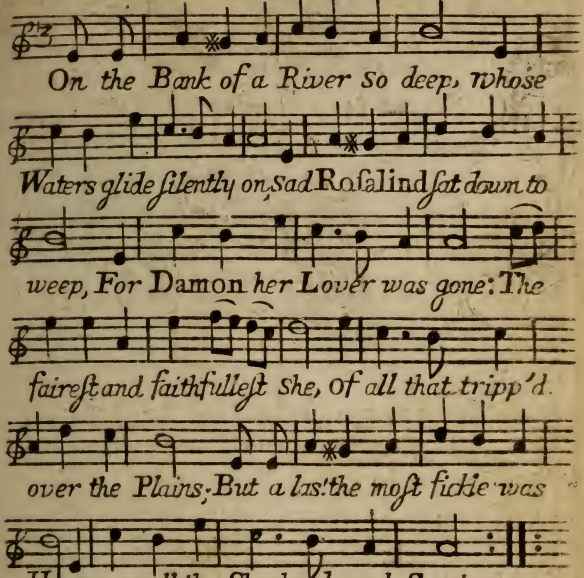
Vanquish'd at last, by pow'rful Love,
The Nymph expiring lay;
No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She blush'd, and dy'd away,

Yet blest the Grove, her Conscious Flight,
And Youth, that did betray,
And panting, dying with Delight,
She blest the kind transporting Night
And curs'd approaching Day.



ROSALIND's COMPLAINT.

BY Mr. BAKER.


On the Bank of a River so deep, whose
Waters glide silently on, sad Rosalind sat down to
weep, For Damon her Lover was gone: The
fairest and faithfullest She, of all that tripp'd
over the Plains; But a las! the most fickle was
He, among all the Shepherds and Swains.

Down each Cheek ran her Tears in a Stream:
All his Vows are forgotten! she cries;
Regarded no more than a Dream,
Tho' for Him his fond Shepherdess dies:
He's gone, the false Creature is gone,
To deceive some fresh Nymph o' the Plain,
Whose Fate will, like mine, be to moan
The Loss of a perjured Swain.

Beware, you bright Maidens! beware,
If my treacherous Shepherd you meet;
For, alas! he's bewitchingly fair;
When he speaks, there's no Musick so sweet.
As the Spring he is blooming and gay,
As the Summer delightsome and kind;
But believe not one Word he can Say,
For he's false as the wavering Wind.

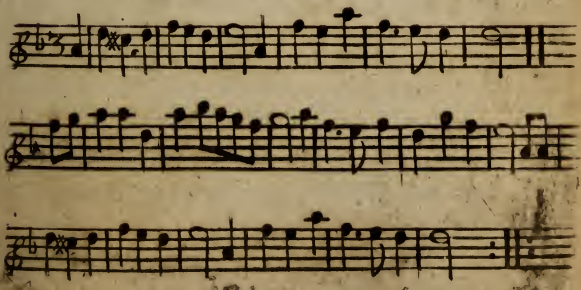
Foolish Maid! whilst I thought he was true,
I Sent up no Look to the Skies;
All the Sunshine or Gloom that I knew,
Was the Gloom or the Shine of his Eyes.
He alone was my Joy and my Care,
I wish'd for no Heaven above;
No Sorrow, no Pain, could I fear;
No Hell, but the Loss of his Love.

How fondly endearing was he,
'Till I granted whate'er he desir'd!
But, you Virgins! take Warning by me,
For his Flame from that Moment expir'd:
Now I ne'er shall embrace him again,
He, ungrateful, is flown from my Arms,
Far away o'er the flowery Plain,
And despises these sullyed Charms.

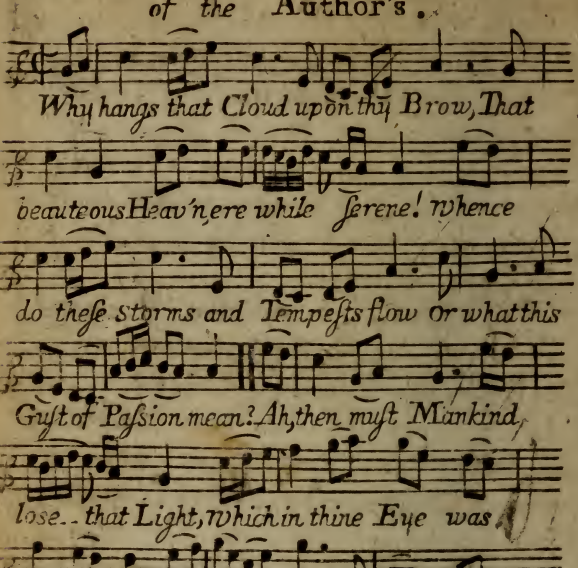
Sure the Gods have some Vengeance in Store,
For the Breach of those Vows which he made;
Tho' by him they're remember'd no more
Than the Wretch who by them was betray'd:
But, forgive him you Powers above!
Tho' he's false bring no Harm on his Head;
But Crown him with Beauty and Love
Long after poor Rosalind's *dead.*

Thus She mourn'd: What a Scene all around!
The Birds flag their Wings at her Sighs,
The Valleys her Sorrows resound,
And the Stream Shews her blubbered Eyes:
All Nature takes Part in her Woe,
A black Cloud o'er the Heaven is Spread,
The Winds have forgotten to blow
And the Willows bend over her Head.

For the **Flute.**



To a Lady who was disgusted at some words of the Author's.

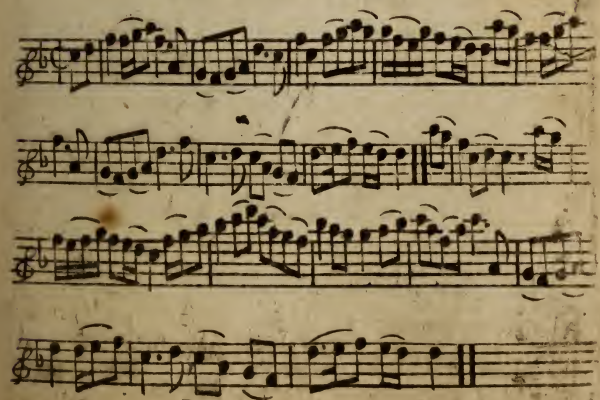

Why hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow, That
beauteous Heav'n, ere while Serene! whence
do these Storms and Tempests flow Or what this
Gust of Passion mean? Ah, then must Mankind
lose that Light, which in thine Eye was
wont to shine? and lye obscur'd in end-less
Night, For each poor silly Speech of mine?

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large amends!
Or if I durst prophanely try
Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t'upbraid;
Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

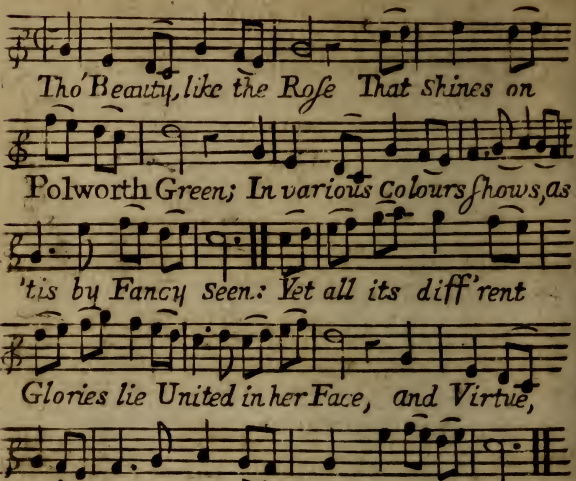
For Venus, *ev'ry Heart t'enſnare,*
With all her Charms has deckt thy Face;
And Pallas, *with unuſual Care,*
Bids Wiſdom heighten ev'ry Grace.
Who can the double Pain endure!
Or who muſt not reſign the Field
To thee, Celeſtial Maid, ſecure
With Cupid's *Bow, and* Pallas' *Shield!*

If then to thee ſuch Power is given,
Let not a Wretch in Torment live;
But ſmile, and learn to copy Heav'n,
Since we muſt Sin, ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heav'n not only does
Forgive th'offender and th'offence,
But e'en Itſelf appeas'd beſtows
As the Reward of Penitence.

For the Flute



The DESCRIPTION.

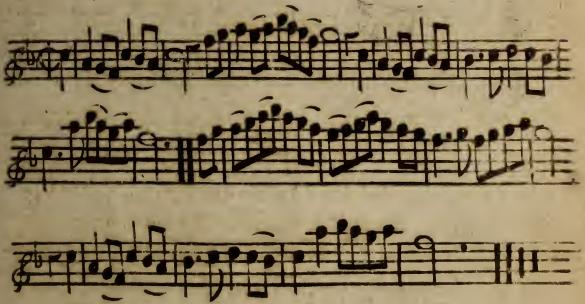

Tho' Beauty, like the Rose That shines on
Polworth Green; In various Colours shows, as
'tis by Fancy Seen: Yet all its diff'rent
Glories lie United in her Face, and Virtue,
like the Sun on high, gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
So smooth, so calm her Mind,
That to some Angel's Care
Each Moment seems assign'd:
But yet so careful, sprightly, gay,
The joyful moments fly;
As if for Wings they stole the Ray,
She darteth from her Eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
With tuneful Voice she sings,
Perfume her Breath, and smile,
And wave their balmy Wings:

But as the tender Blushes rise,
Soft Innocence doth warm;
The Soul in blissful Ecstasies
Dissolveth in the Charm.

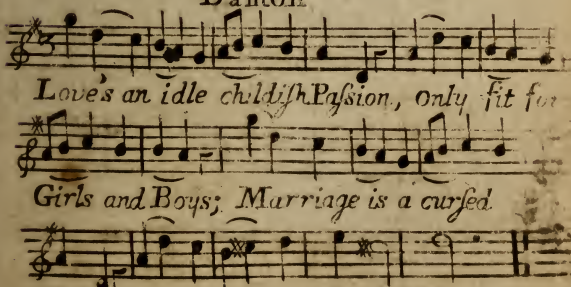
For the Flute

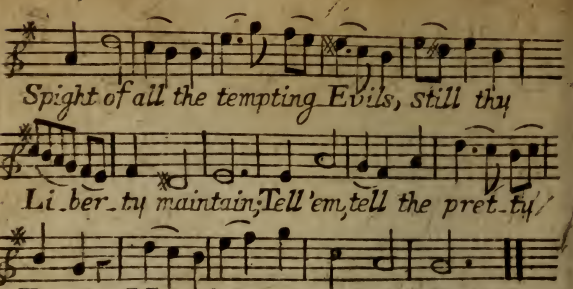


DAMON and CLOE.

Set by Mr. Burges.

Damon

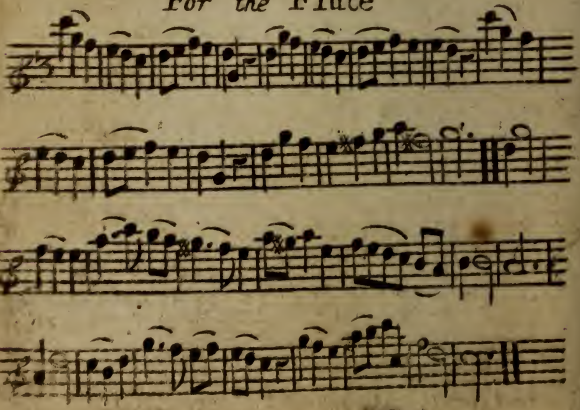




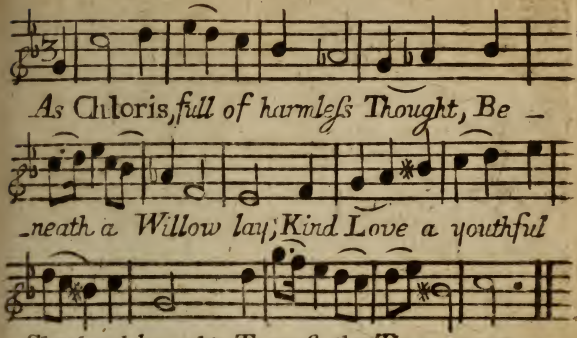
Cloe

Empty Boaſter! know thy Duty,
Thou, who dar'ſt my Powr defy;
Feel the Force of Love and Beauty;
Tremble at my Feet, and die.
Wherefore does thy Colour leave Thee!
Why theſe Cares upon thy Brow?
Did the Rebel Pride deceive Thee!
Ask him, who's the Monarch now.

For the Flute



The LUCKY MINUTE.



She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But, as She strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

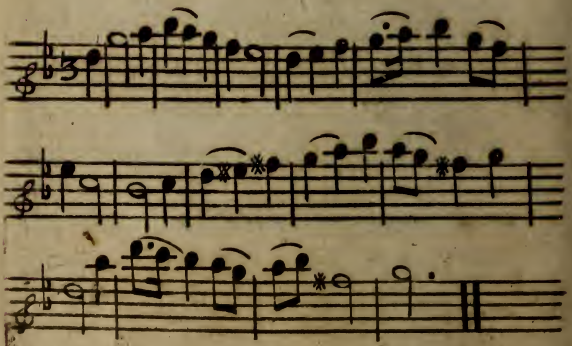
A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,
In spite of her Disdain;
She felt a Pulse in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Oh Youth! said She, what Charms are these,
That conquer and surprize?
Oh! let me — for, unless you please,
I have no Pow'r to rise.

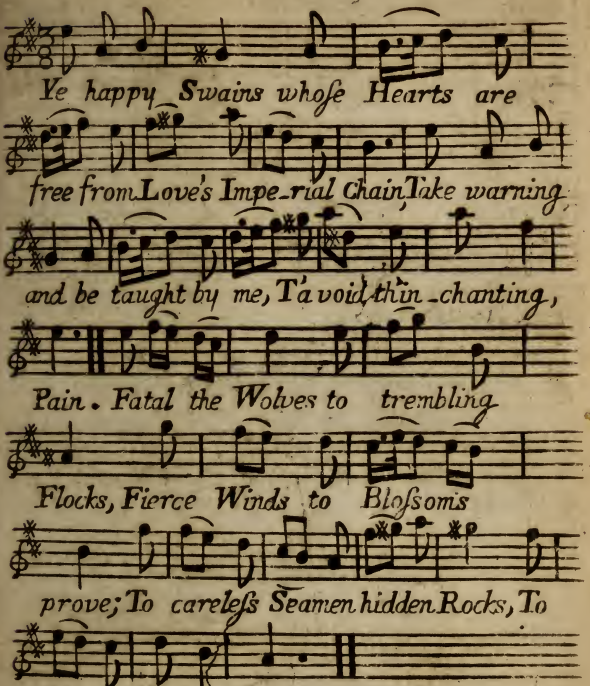
She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he shou'd comply;
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And gave her Tongue the Lie.

Thus she, who Princes had deny'd
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to the Swain.

For the **Flute.**

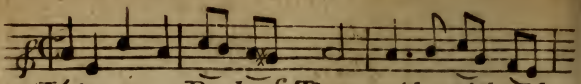


Set by M^r. Greene.

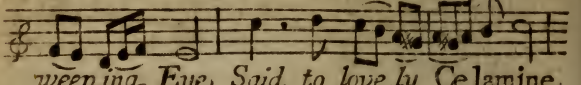

Ye happy Swains whose Hearts are
free from Love's Impe-rial Chain Take warning
and be taught by me, To avoid thin-chanting,
Pain. Fatal the Wolves to trembling
Flocks, Fierce Winds to Blossoms
prove; To careless Seamen hidden Rocks, To
human Quiet, Love.

Fly the fair Sex if Bliss you prize;
The Snake's beneath the Flower:
Who ever gaz'd on Beauteous Eyes,
That tasted Quiet more;
How faithless is the Lovers Joy!
How constant is their Care!
The Kind with Falshood do destroy,
The Cruel with Despair.

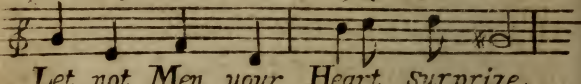
IRIS's CAUTION.



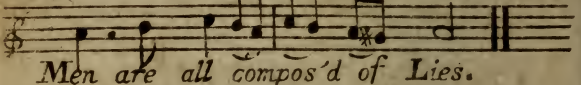
Iris, on a Bank of Thyme, with a Sigh and



weeping Eye, Said to lovely Celamine,



Let not Men your Heart surprize,

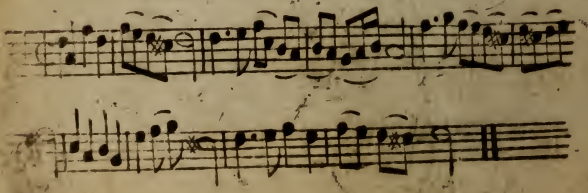


Men are all compos'd of Lies.

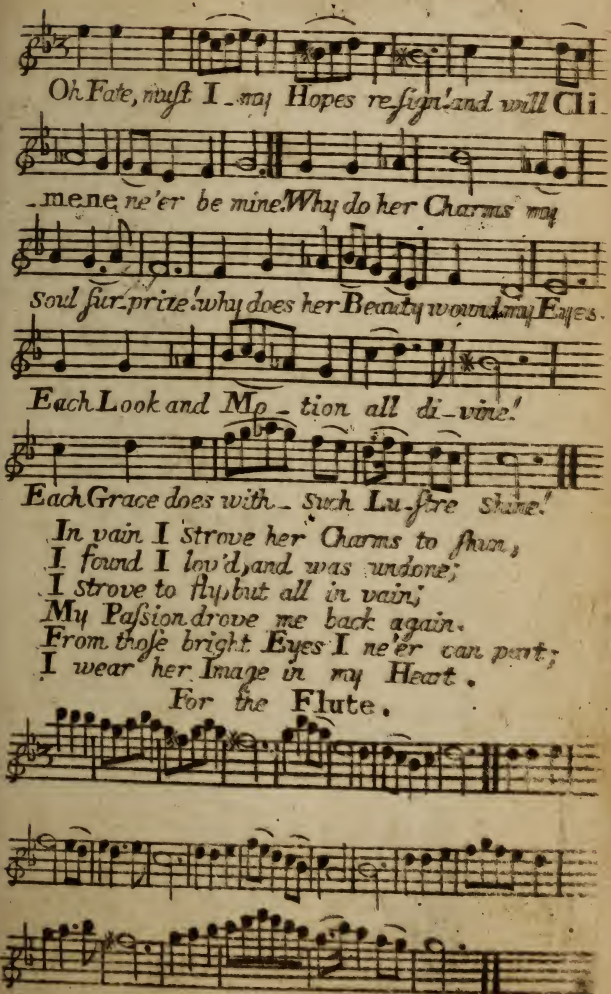
Tho' a thousand Oaths they swear,
And as many Vows repeat;
All they swear is common Air,
All they promise, but Deceit;
Man was never constant yet.

Wisely then preserve your Heart
From the Tyranny of Fate;
For only they can act their Part,
When Love has its Return of Fate;
Then Repentance comes too late.

For the Flute



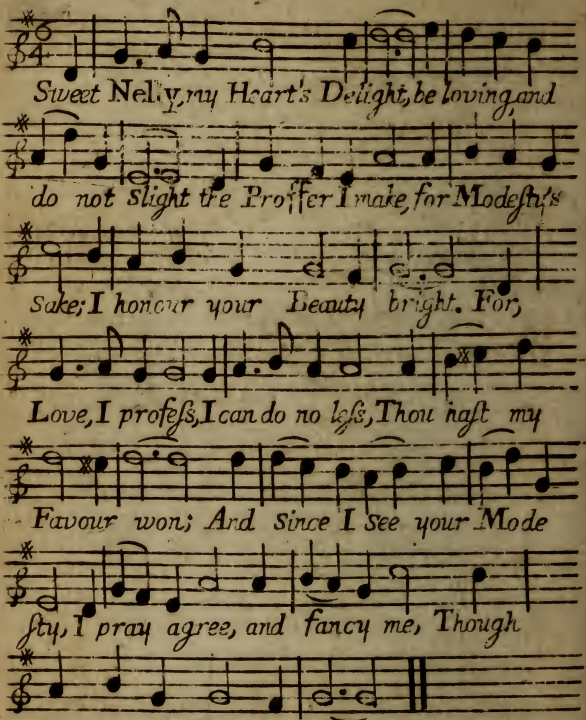
CLIMENE


Oh Fate, must I my Hopes resign! and will Cli-
-mene ne'er be mine! Why do her Charms my
Soul surprize! why does her Beauty wound my Eyes.
Each Look and Mo-tion all di-vine!
Each Grace does with-such Lu-stre shine!

In vain I strove her Charms to shun,
I found I lov'd, and was undone;
I strove to fly, but all in vain;
My Passion drove me back again.
From those bright Eyes I ne'er can part;
I wear her Image in my Heart.

For the Flute.

The FARMERS SON.


Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight, be loving and
do not slight the Proffer I make, for Modesty's
Sake; I honour your Beauty bright. For,
Love, I profess, I can do no less, Thou hast my
Favour won; And Since I see your Mode
sty, I pray agree, and fancy me, Though
I'm but a Farmers Son.

No: I am a Lady gay;
'Tis very well known, I may
Have men of Renown, in Country or Town:
So, Roger, without delay,
Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,

Their Loves will soon be won;
But don't you dare to speak me fair,
As if I were at my last Prayer,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

My Father has Riches Store,
To Hundred a Year, and more;
Beside Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows, and Plows,
His Age is above Threescore:
And when he does die, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won;
Both Land, and Kine, all shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a Farmer's Son.

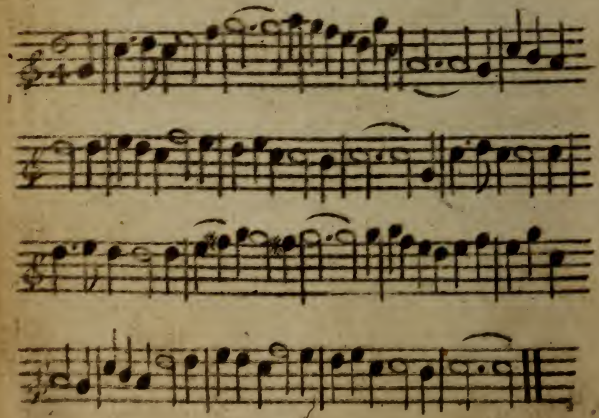
A Fig for your Cattle, and Corn,
Your proffer'd Love I scorn;
Tis known very well, my Name is Nell,
And you're but a Bumpkin born:
Well, Since it is so, away I will go,
And I hope no Harm is done;
Farewel; adieu: I hope to wooe
As good as you, and win her too,
Though I'm but a Farmer's Son.

Be not in such Hast, quoth she,
Perhaps we may still agree;
For, Man, I protest, I was but in Jest;
Come, prithee sit down by me,

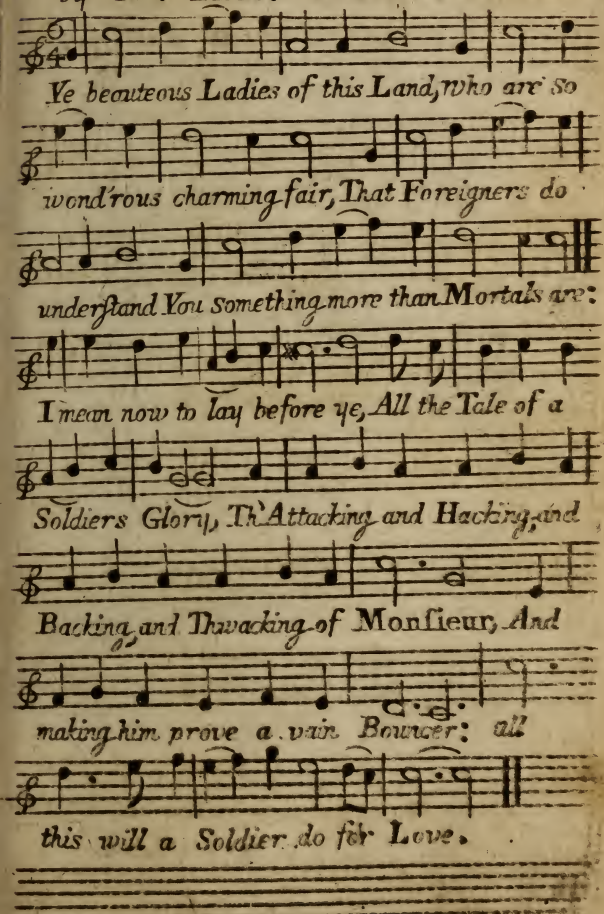
For thou art the Man, that verily can
Perform what must be done;
Both Strait, and tall, genteel withall,
Therefore I shall be at your Call,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

Dear Lady, believe me now,
I solemnly Swear, and vow,
No Lords in their Lives take Pleasure in Wives,
Like Fellows that drive the Plow;
For whate'er they gain, with Labour and Pain,
They don't to Harlots run,
As Courtiers do. I never knew
A London Beau, that could outdo
A Country Farmer's Son.

For the Flute



The Soldier's Glory. The Words by Mr. Rich. Estcourt.

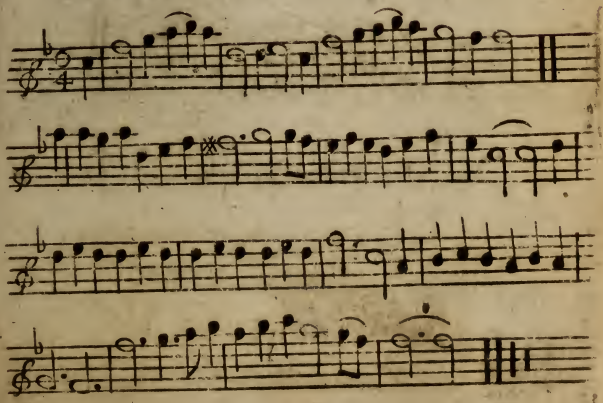

Ye beauteous Ladies of this Land, who are so
wond'rous charming fair, That Foreigners do
understand You something more than Mortals are:
I mean now to lay before ye, All the Tale of a
Soldiers Glory, Th' Attacking and Hacking, and
Backing and Thwacking of Monsieur, And
making him prove a vain Bouncer: all
this will a Soldier do for Love.

A Beauteous Mistress is the Word,
That makes a Soldier draw his Sword;
The worst of Dangers he will prove,
To be endear'd with Nights of Love:
What did we our Blades unsheath for,
And so often venture Death for,
In Brabant, at Bruges, at Brussels, at Ghent,
Ostend, Ramilly, at Lisle, at Tournay, at Blenheim,
At Doway, Bethune, St. Vincent, and Air,
And many more Towns I want Breath for:
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

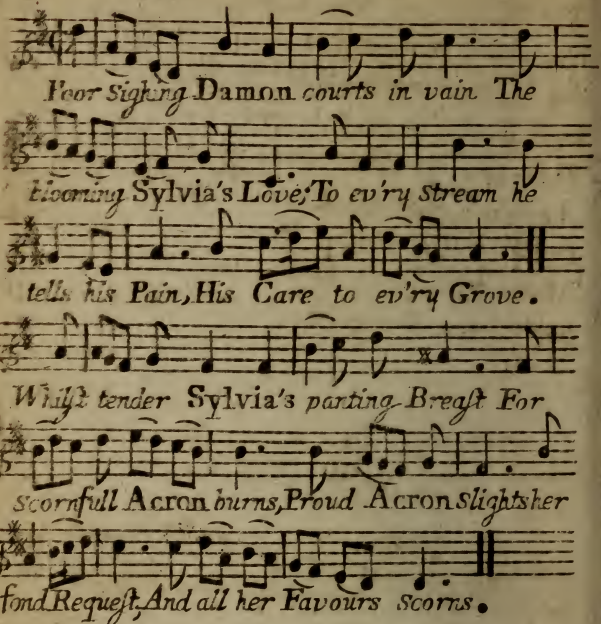
The valiant Soldier only dies,
When wounded by the Fair one's Eyes;
In War he may his Safety boast,
But there's no Armour against a Toast,
When Shot by some dear Deceiver,
Falling down into a Fever,
His Heart, like a Drum, beats Come, come, come,
Come to my Arms, I'm murder'd by your Charms,
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

But glorious Anne, *compleating all*
The Balance of this mighty Ball,
Has doubly honour'd a Soldier's Life,
By being a noble Soldier's Wife.
Fair Ladies, it can't be new t'ye
That your Beauty spurs us to Duty,
Admiring, desiring, Love firing,
Inspiring the Brave too,
Makes us defie a Grave too:
For such a Reward has a Soldier's Life.

For the Flute.



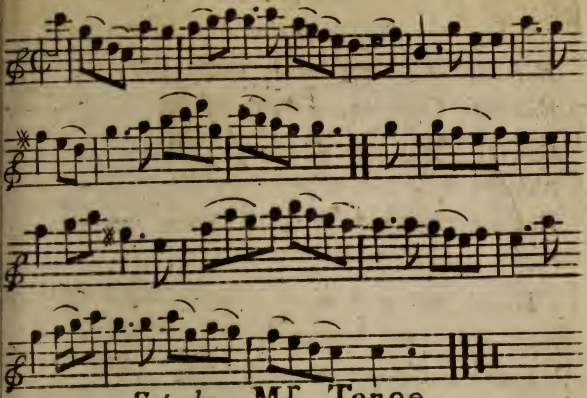
Love's Caprice.


Poor Sighing Damon courts in vain The
blooming Sylvia's Love; To ev'ry Stream he
tells his Pain, His Care to ev'ry Grove.
While tender Sylvia's parting Breast For
Scornfull Acron burns, Proud Acron slights her
fond Request, And all her Favours scorns.

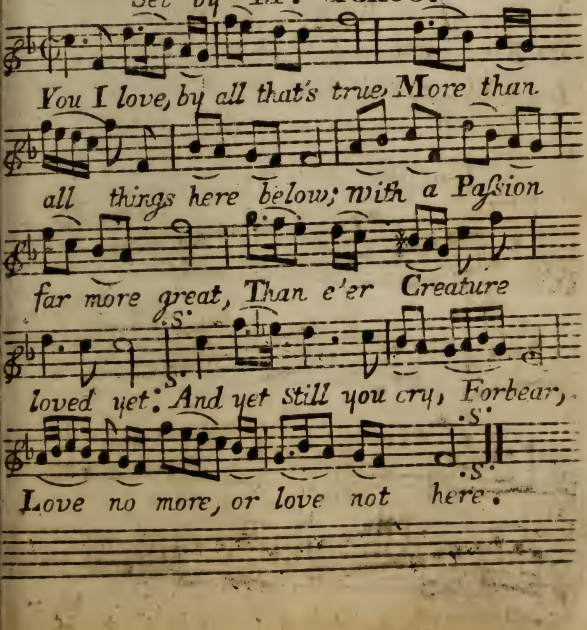
[*To the Second Part of the Tune*]

Let ev'ry Nymph, that slights her Swain,
Still meet with Sylvia's *Fate;*
And, when she feels her Lover's Pain,
Her own Example hate.

For the Flute



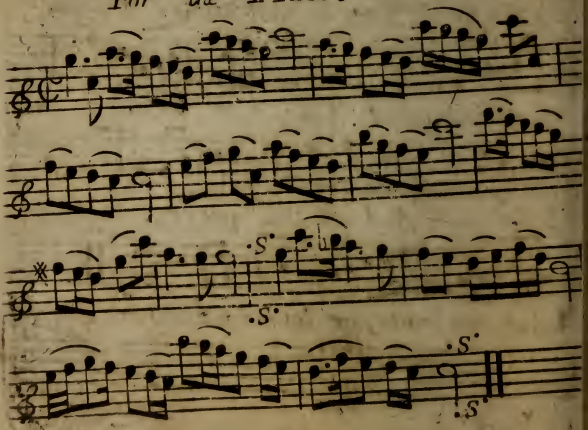
Set by Mr. Tenoe.


You I love, by all that's true, More than
all things here below; with a Passion
far more great, Than e'er Creature
loved yet: And yet still you cry, Forbear,
Love no more, or love not here.

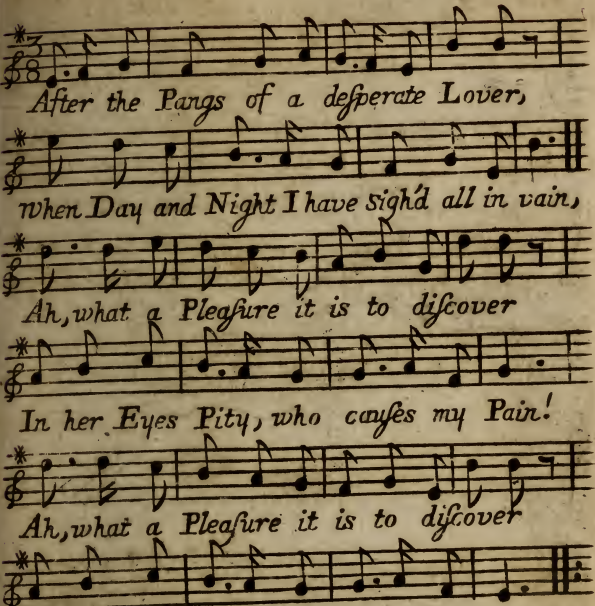
Bid the Miser leave his Ore;
Bid the Wretched sigh no more;
Bid the Old be Young again;
Bid the Nun not think of Man:
Silvia, *this when you can do,*
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate:
What makes me love, makes You to hate;
Silvia, *then, do what you will,*
Ease or Cure, Torment or Kill;
Be Kind or Cruel, False or True,
Love I must, and none but You.

For the Flute.



Set by M^r. Galliard.

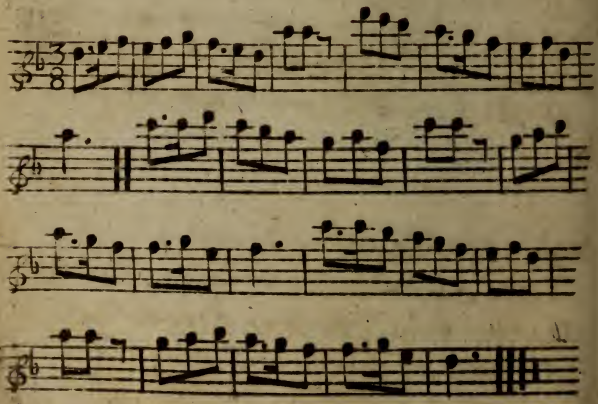

After the Pangs of a desperate Lover,
When Day and Night I have sigh'd all in vain,
Ah, what a Pleasure it is to discover
In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!
Ah, what a Pleasure it is to discover
In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!

When with Unkindness our Love at a Stand is,
And Both have punish'd our selves with y^e Pain,
Ah what a Pleasure the Touch of her Hand is!
Ah what a Pleasure to press it again!
Ah, what a Pleasure, &c.

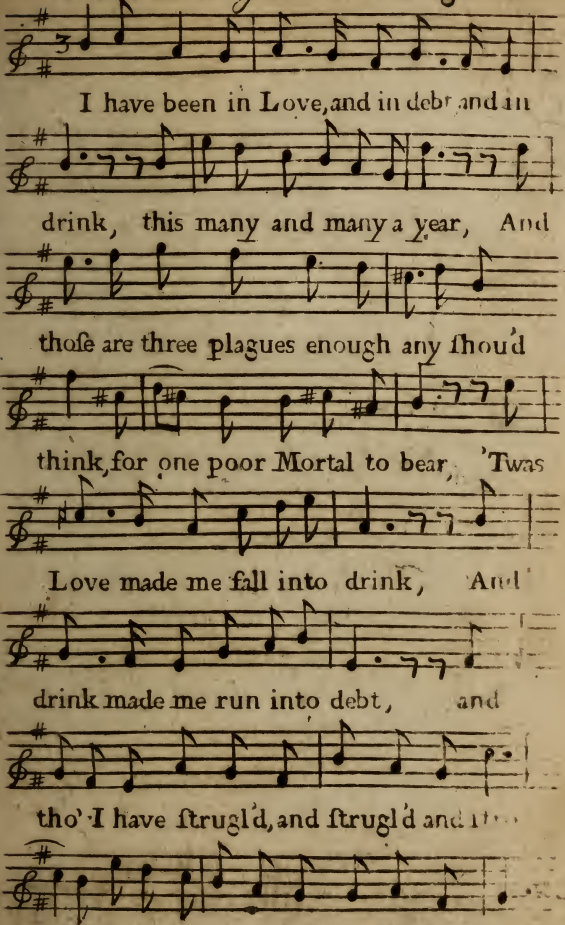
When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
Ah, what a Trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah, what a Trembling does usher my Joy!
Ah, what a Trembling, &c.

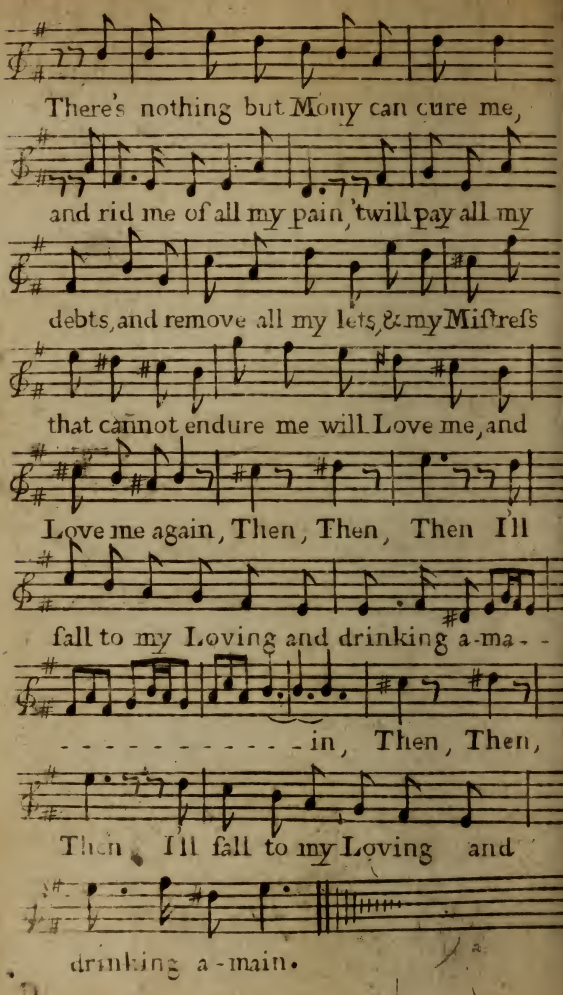
When, with a Sigh, She accords me the Bleſsing,
And her Eyes twinkle twixt Pleaſure and Pain;
Ah, what a Joy 'tis, beyond all expreſsing!
Ah, what a Joy to hear, Shall we again!
Ah, what a Joy, &c.

For the Flute.

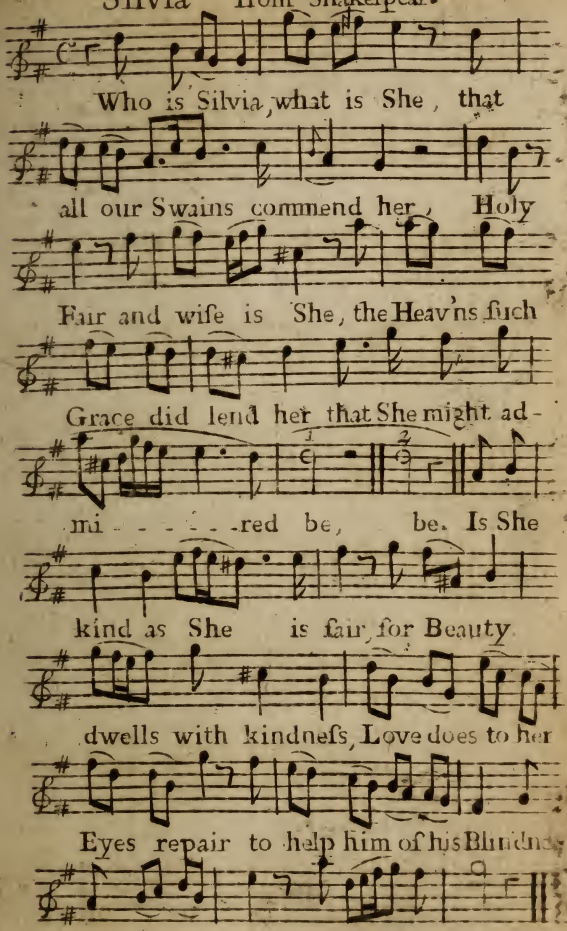


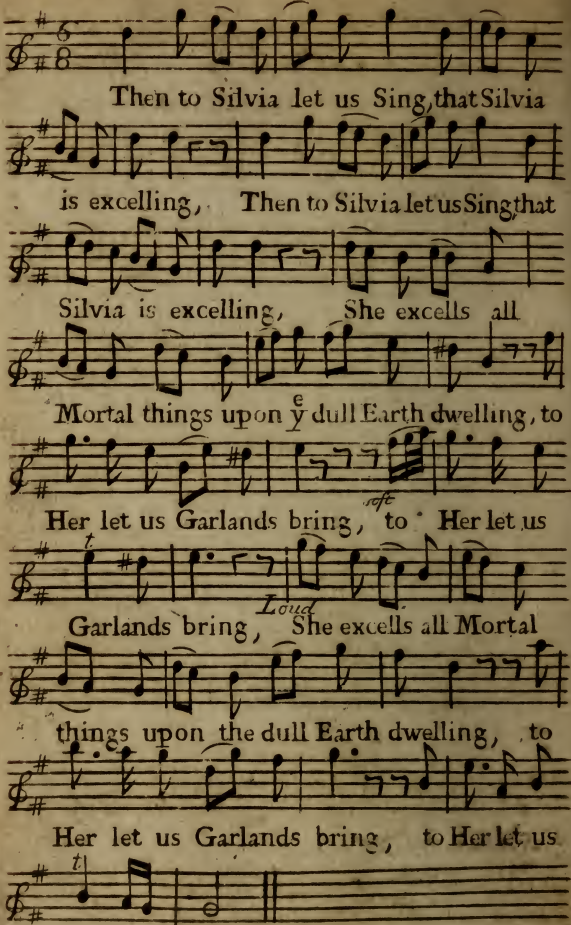
Truth. *Set by M.r* Leveridge.


I have been in Love, and in debt and in
drink, this many and many a year, And
thoſe are three plagues enough any ſhou'd
think, for one poor Mortal to bear, 'Twas
Love made me fall into drink, And
drink made me run into debt, and
tho' I have ſtrugl'd, and ſtrugl'd and
ve, I cannot, I cannot get out of them


There's nothing but Mony can cure me,
and rid me of all my pain, 'twill pay all my
debts, and remove all my lets, & my Mistress
that cannot endure me will Love me, and
Love me again, Then, Then, Then I'll
fall to my Loving and drinking a-ma- -
- - - - - - - - - - - in, Then, Then,
Then I'll fall to my Loving and
drinking a-main.

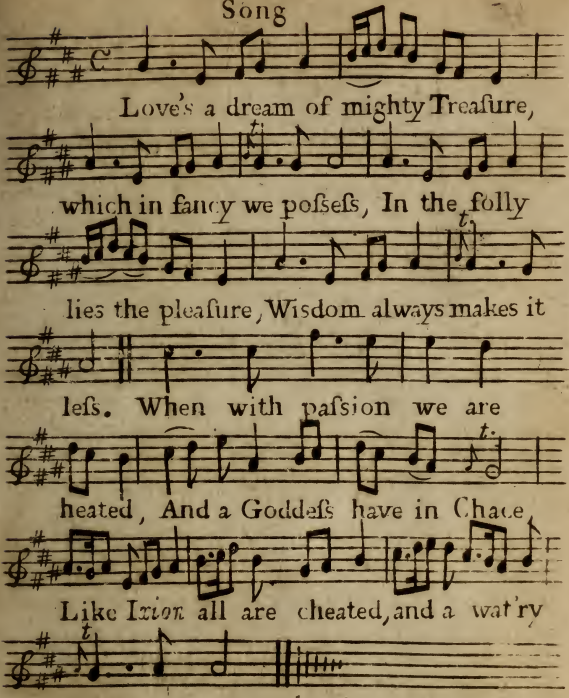
Silvia from Shakespear.


Who is Silvia, what is She, that
all our Swains commend her, Holy
Fair and wise is She, the Heav'ns such
Grace did lend her that She might ad-
mi - - - - - red be, be. Is She
kind as She is fair, for Beauty
dwells with kindness, Love does to her
Eyes repair to help him of his Blindness
and being help'd inha- bits there.


Then to Silvia let us Sing, that Silvia
is excelling, Then to Silvia let us Sing that
Silvia is excelling, She excells all
Mortal things upon ye dull Earth dwelling, to
Her let us Garlands bring, to Her let us
Loud
Garlands bring, She excells all Mortal
things upon the dull Earth dwelling, to
Her let us Garlands bring, to Her let us
Garlands bring.

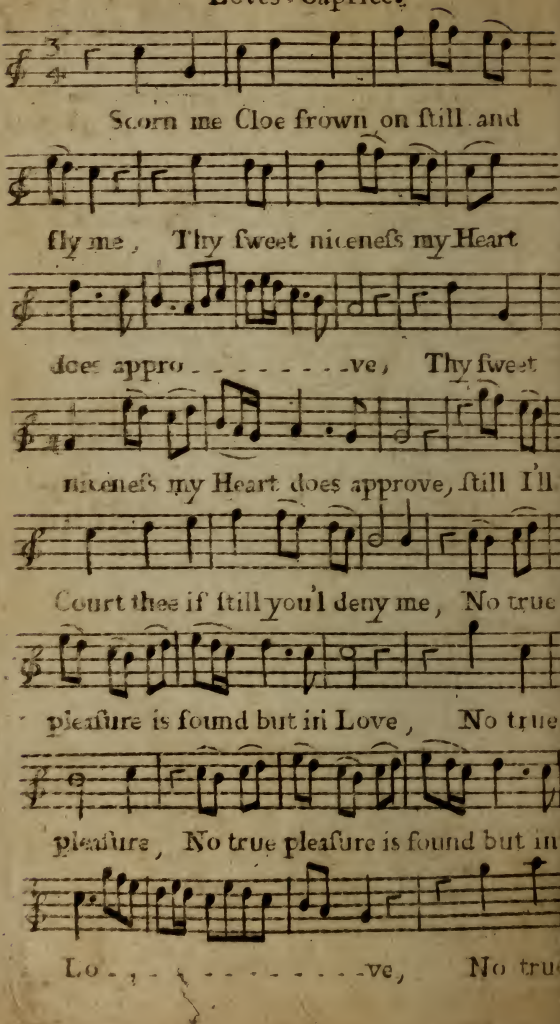
by Mr. Leveridge

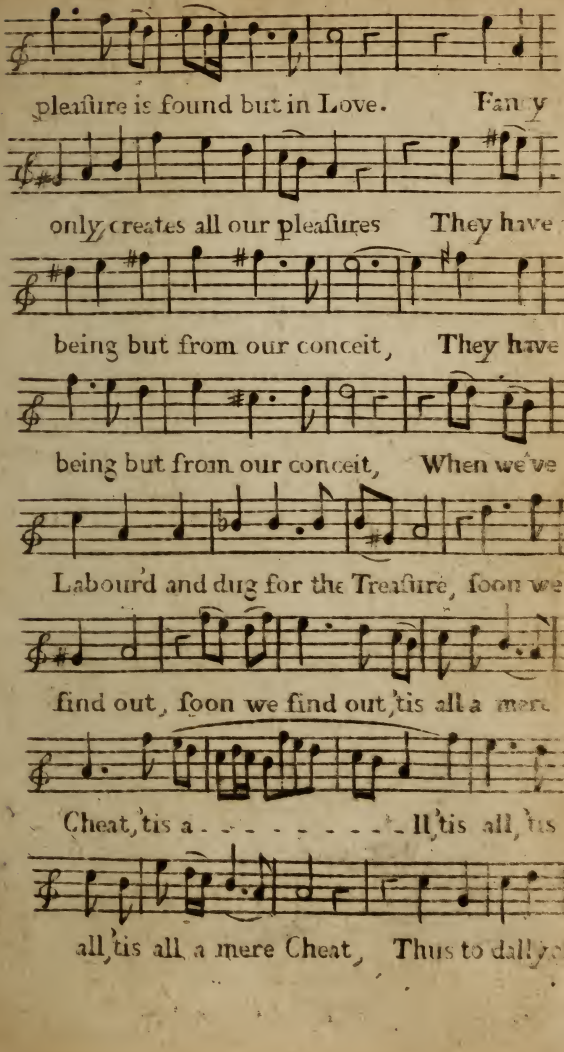
Song

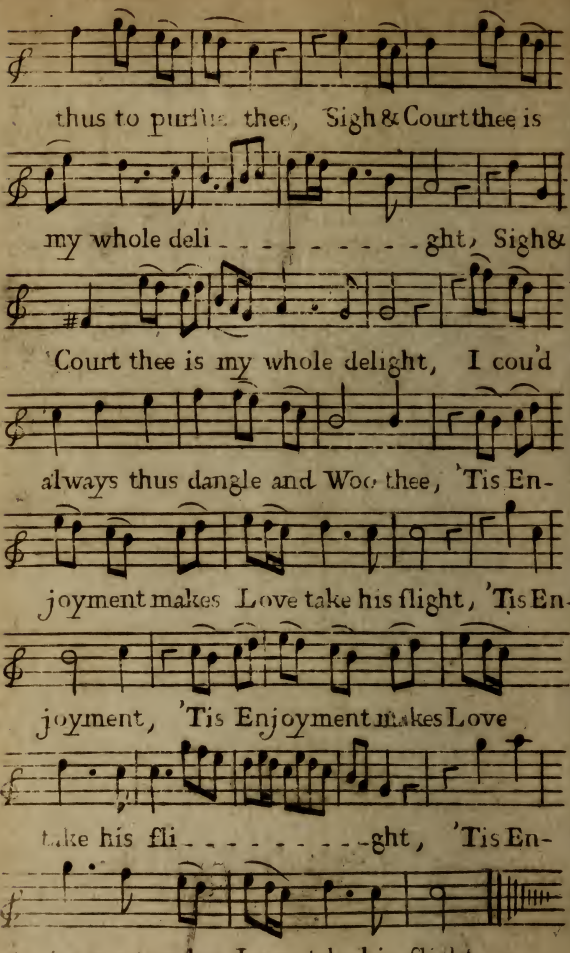

Love's a dream of mighty Treasure,
which in fancy we posseſs, In the folly
lies the pleasure, Wisdom always makes it
leſs. When with passion we are
heated, And a Goddeſs have in Chace,
Like Ixion all are cheated, and a wat'ry
Cloud embrace.

Happy only is the Lover,
Whom his Miſtreſs well deceives,
Seeking nothing to diſcover,
He contented lives at eaſe.
But the wretch that would be knowing,
What the fair one would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wiſe.

Loves Caprice.

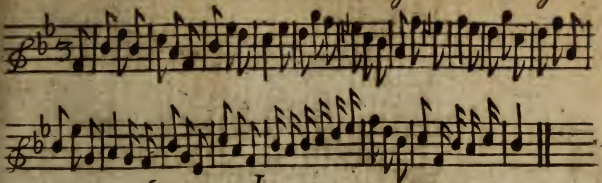

Scorn me Cloe frown on ſtill and
fly me, Thy ſweet niceneſs my Heart
does appro - - - - - - - - ve, Thy ſweet
niceneſs my Heart does approve, ſtill I'll
Court thee if ſtill you'l deny me, No true
pleaſure is found but in Love, No true
pleaſure, No true pleaſure is found but in
Lo - - - - - - - - - - ve, No true


pleasure is found but in Love. Fancy
only creates all our pleasures They have
being but from our conceit, They have
being but from our conceit, When we've
Labour'd and dug for the Treasure, soon we
find out, soon we find out, 'tis all a mere
Cheat, 'tis a - - - - - - - - - ll, 'tis all, 'tis
all, 'tis all a mere Cheat, Thus to dally and


thus to purlue thee, Sigh & Court thee is
my whole deli - - - - - - - - ght, Sigh &
Court thee is my whole delight, I cou'd
always thus dangle and Woo thee, 'Tis En-
joyment makes Love take his flight, 'Tis En-
joyment, 'Tis Enjoyment makes Love
take his fli - - - - - - - - - ght, 'Tis En-
joyment makes Love take his flight.

by Mr. Leveridge.

A Yorkshire Tale. by Mr. Leveridge



1

Come hither good People both Aged and Young,
And give your attention to my merry Song,
I'll Sing you a true one and not hold you long.
With a down, down, down, up and down derry, derry,
derry, up and down, down derry, derry down.

2

A Parson there was and whose name I could tell,
But if I doe not it may be full as well,
Whose Wife did all Yorkshire in Beauty excel,
with a down.

3

Her Texture so perfect her Eyes black as Slow,
Her Hair curling Show and like jett it did show,
Which often denotes 'tis the same thing below,
with a down.

4

A Sprightly young Spark She had smitten so deep,
Nor day had he quiet nor night could he sleep,
Which made him think how to her bed he should creep,
with a down.

5

Assistance he wanted and then did unbend,
His mind to a Brother, besure a good friend,
Who said fear not Watt thou shalt compass thy end,
with a down.

6

In Womans Apparell dress out and be gay,
I'll venture my life on't, twill be a sure way,
If you condescend but to what I shall say,
with a down.

7

And thus to Old Tackems this couple rod on,
Dear Doctor says Frank here's a thing to be done,
Which office perform'd I shall gratefully own,
with a down.

8

This Lady that longhas Loves passion defy'd,
And all my addresses so often deny'd,
Will now make me happy by being my Bride,
with a down.

9

'Tis past the Canonical hour said He,
And till the next morning you know it can't be,
And then I'll attend you Sir most readily,
with a down.

10

Says Frank I confess Sir you are perfectly right,
But here lyes the hardship we can't while 'tis light,
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to night,
with a down.

11

Take no care of that Sir for thus it shall be,
The Lady if she thinks it fit to agree,
Shall lye with my dearest and you lye with me,
with a down.

12

You so much oblige me in what you now Say,
I hope in return I shall find out a way,
Such generous kindness with thanks to repay,
with a down.

13

This being agreed on both Sides did consent,
To put the Glass round and the Evening was spent,
In Mirth and good cheere then to bed they all went,
with a down.

14

No sooner in bed then but with a bold grace,
With full of desire thus open'd the case,
Dear Madam says he I must — then did embrace,
with a down.

15

Confoun'ded She Lay and not able to speak,
To think how these Wiggs had deceiv'd her and Dick,
But at last She was pleas'd with the frolick & Trick,
with a down.

16

He pleas'd her so well that Transported She lay,
Contriving and Plotting for his longer stay,
Which this to her Husband She form'd the next day,
with a down.

17

This Lady my dearest last night full of grief,
Oft hug'd me and told me I can't for my life,
Consent tho' I've promis'd him to be his Wife,
with a down.

18

To morrow Said She and then freely went on,
Tho' I Love him my heart tells me I must begone,
If so the poor Man you know may be undone,
with a down.

19

Now how to prevent this I'll think of a way,
If I can perswade her some time here to stay,
And that's a good Office I'm sure you will say,
with a down.

20

'Tis so my dear Creature pray do what you can,
To please her and bring her to humour again,
And I'll do my best to divert the poor Man,
with a down.

21

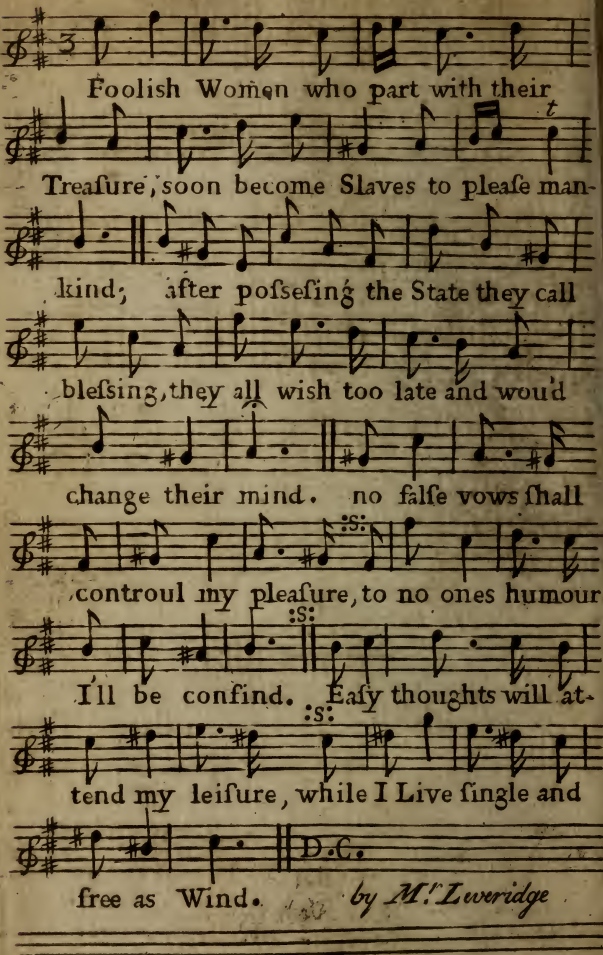
The Plott so well taken made both their hearts bound,
All night and all day too when ever they found,
Convenience for pas'time her pleasure he Crown'd,
with a down.

22

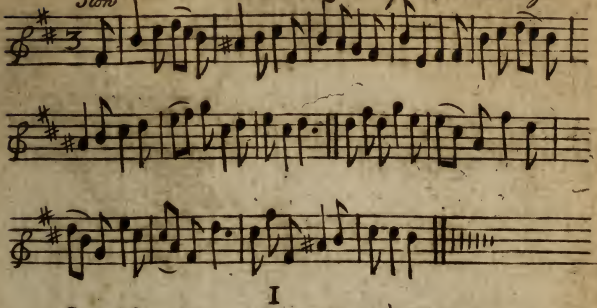
And thus my friend Watt his full Swing did obtain
The Wife too in transport a whole week did reign,
And the Man ne'er the worse had his Mare back again,
with a down.

The derry down derry down

The Maids Resolution.


Foolish Women who part with their
Treasure, soon become Slaves to please man-
kind; after possesing the State they call
blessing, they all wish too late and would
change their mind. no false vows shall
controul my pleasure, to no ones humour
I'll be confind. Easy thoughts will at-
tend my leisure, while I Live single and
free as Wind.
D.C.
by M.r Lweridge

The Meſsage. by Mr. Leveridge



I

Send home my long ſtray'd Eyes to me,
Which Oh too long have dwelt on thee;
Send home my long ſtray'd Eyes to me,
Which Oh too long have dwelt on thee;
But if from you they learn'd ſuch ill,
To ſweetly ſmile,
And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers keep them ſtill.

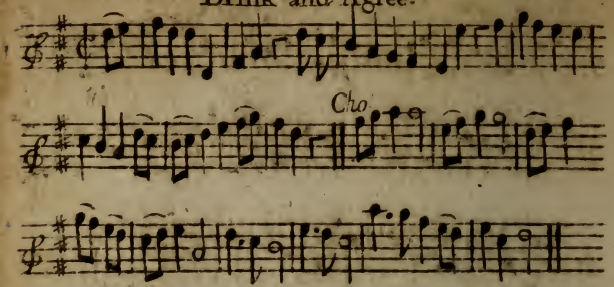
2

Send home my harmleſs heart again,
Which no unworthy thought cou'd ſtain;
But if it has been taught by thine,
To forfeit both,
Its word and oath,
Keep it for then 'tis none of mine.

3

Yet ſend me home my heart and Eyes,
That I may ſee and know thy lyes;
That I one day may laugh when thou,
Shall greive for one,
Thy Love will ſcorn,
And prove as falſe as thou art now.

Drink and Agree.



I

Leave off this Idle prating,
Talk no more of *Whig* or *Tory*,
But fill your Glass,
Round let it pass,
The Bottle stands before ye.
Cho. Fill it up, To the top,
Let the Night with mirth be Crown'd,
Drink about, See it out,
Love and friendship still go round.

2

We gain both life and pleasure,
By Love and hearty drinking,
While States-men plod,
And wink and nod,
To kill themselves with thinking.
Cho. Fill it &c.

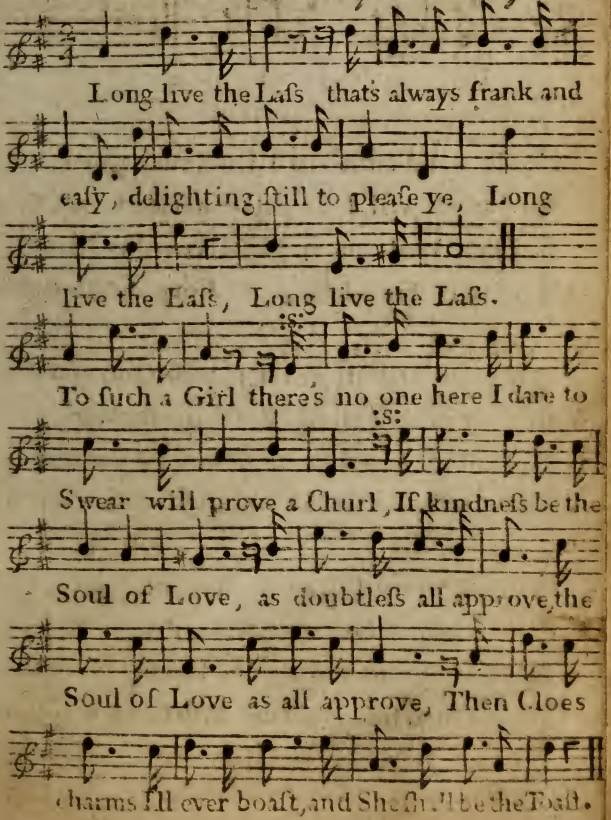
3

If any are so Zealous,
To be a Partys Minion,
Let them drink like me,
They'l soon agree,
And be of one opinion.
Cho. Fill it &c.

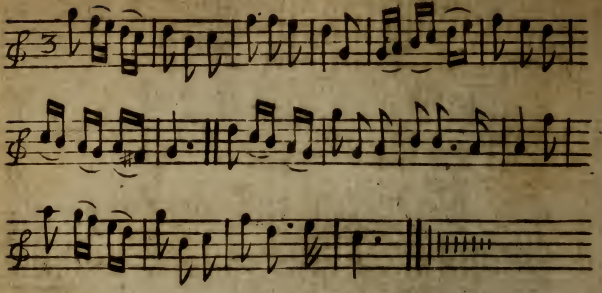
4

If Clarett be a bleſsing,
This Night devote to pleaſure,
Let State affairs,
And Worldly cares,
Attend us at more leaſure.
Cho. Fill it &c. *by Mr. Leveridge*

The Toaſt. *by Mr. Leveridge.*


Long live the Laſs that's always frank and
eaſy, delighting ſtill to pleaſe ye, Long
live the Laſs, Long live the Laſs.
To ſuch a Girl there's no one here I dare to
Swear will prove a Churl, If kindneſs be the
Soul of Love, as doubtleſs all approve the
Soul of Love as all approve, Then Cloes
charms I'll ever boaſt, and She ſhall be the Toaſt.

The Lover Resolv'd.



1

Phillis your falshood I see and despise,
Nor more will I bow like a Slave to those Eyes,
You may smile on and deceive other hearts,
Now mine bids defiance to Love and his darts.

2

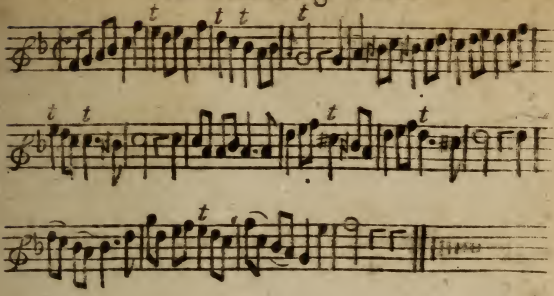
Hence my Devotion I'll pay to God Mars,
He will reward all my Toils in the Wars,
He shall command me and Fame I'll pursue,
Then farewell Proud Minx and for ever adieu.

3

When I return full of Riches and Fame,
I'll find some Girl that is worthy my Name,
Her will I Court and She shall be my Queen,
Whilst thou like a fool dye with Envy & Spleen.

by Mr. Loveridge

The Charming Delia.



Come *Delia*, come let's ſhun the heat,
The Sultry heat invades;
To yonder Covert let's retreat,
And ſeek the cooling Shade:
The twining Jeſsamine beneath,
And twiſted Eglantine;
To flying gales their breath bequeath,
Almoſt as ſweet as thine.

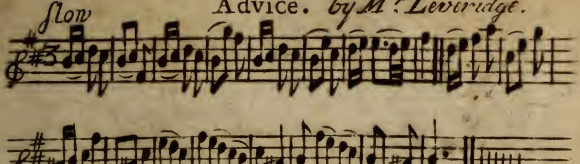
The Ringdove and his conſtant Mate
In tender notes agree;
Their paſsion ſooner ſhall abate,
Than mine ſhall ceaſe to thee.
I'll weave the Roſes bluſhing red,
And joyn the Lilly pale;
And while I bind my *Delia's* head,
I'll tell the tender tale.

Doſt ſee my dear this twiſted Crown,
These flow'rs to grace thy head;
E'er Night their fragrance will be gone,
And all their Beauty fade.
So *Delia* all thy charms ſhall prove,
When coming Age draws nigh;
And what now crowds of Votries Love,
Be thrown neglected by.

The veins that wander o'er thy neck,
Shall looſe their curious blue;
The glowing Roſes in thy Cheek,
Their lively ruddy hue.
Thoſe Eyes where ſportive *Cupid* plays,
No more ſhall cauſe delight;
Thoſe lovely Treſſes where he ſtrays,
Shall turn to ſcatter'd white.

No Breaſt ſhall then for *Delia* glow,
Her charms ſhall ceaſe to fire;
And I who more than love you now,
Shall look without deſire.
Then *Delia* ſeize the proffer'd joy,
While now 'tis in your Pow'r;
No thoughts on future time employ,
But ſeize the preſent hour.

Advice. *by Mr. Leveridge.*



1

Maidens beware ye,
Love will infnare ye,
If you but look or lend an Ear;
Words will detain ye,
Sighs will trappan ye,
Tears will draw you into the ſnare,
then in time beware.

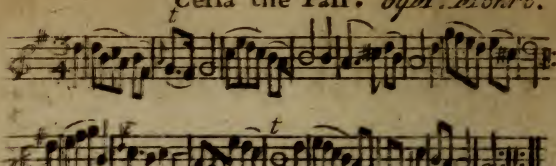
2

Daily you'l find it,
If you'l but mind it,
How many Maids falſe Men betray;
Let this concern ye,
Let their fall learn ye,
From the danger to run away,
run run run away.

3

Let Vertue guard ye,
Praiſe will reward ye,
And you will ſhine in brightest Fame;
When the poor Creature,
That yeilds her Charter,
Lives abandond and dyes with ſhame
to bear ſuch a name.

Celia the Fair. *by Mr. Monro.*



1

My Goddess *Celia* Heavenly fair,
As lillies sweet as soft as air;
Let loose thy tresses spread thy charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.

2

O let me gaze on those bright eyes;
Tho' sacred lightning from them flys:
Shew me that soft that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

3

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
That I may rival *Jove* in bliss;
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.

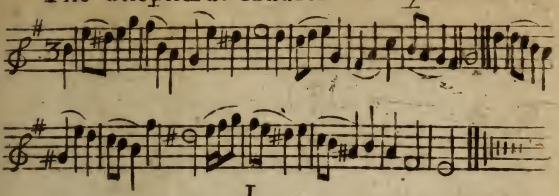
4

O hide thy bosoms killing white,
The milky way is not so bright;
Lest you my ravish'd Soul oppress,
With beautys Pomp and sweet excess.

5

Why drawst thou from ỹ purple flood,
Of my kind heart the vital blood;
Thou art all over endless charms,
O take me dying to thy arms.

The Shepherds Addreſs to Cynthia.



I

The Sun had juſt withdrawn his fires,
And *Phœbe* ſhone with milder ray;
When *Thyrſis* to the grove retires,
As Love had pointed out the way.

2

His trembling knees the turf receives;
His aching head the Cowſlips preſs;
His breaſt that Sighs alone had eaſ'd,
At last gave way to this addreſs.

3

O Queen that guidſt the ſilent hours;
If e'er *Endymion* ſooth'd thy pain:
By all thy joys in Carian Bow'rs,
Reſtore me *Roſalind* again.

4

To thee my mournfull plaint I ſend;
Protectreſs of the virtuous mind,
Do thou thy chaſte aſſiſtance lend;
Venus is lew'd and *Cupid* blind.

5

Behold theſe cheeks how pale! how wan,
That once were grac'd with roſey pride:
Dim are my eyes, their luſtre gone,
My lips a purple hue deride.

6

To wretched me it nought avails,
That *Phœbus* self has strung my Lyre;
Since *Pluto's* worthless God prevails,
And only sordid wealth can fire.

7

The Nightingale that pines with love,
With melting notes does grief suspend:
Me, verse nor sweetest sounds can move,
My torments she alone can end.

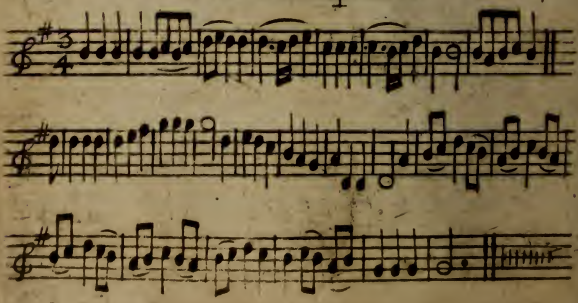
8

But hark! the Ravens direfull croake,
Joyn'd with the Owls ill boding screach;
In frightfull consort fate has spoke.
Alass! my Love-sick heart will break.

9

Too cruel Nymph hast, hast away,
And see your victim prostrate lye;
I faint I can no longer stay;
O *Rosalind* for thee I die.

Love Triumphant.



1

When I beheld *Clarinda's* eyes,
Love did my trembling heart surprise;
And long have I hugg'd my fond amorous chain,
And long have I mourn'd y^e^ fair tyrants disdain;
Still whining and sighing,
And pining and dying;
Nor once bravely trying,
Relief to obtain.

2

Now shall the feeble Boy resign,
To the gay blushing God of wine;
Wine's the specifick of e'ery disease,
Drink wine & frail beauty no longer shall teaze:
Whilst wine we're enjoying,
Th' effect of proud coying;
We're fairly destroying,
And purchasing ease.

3

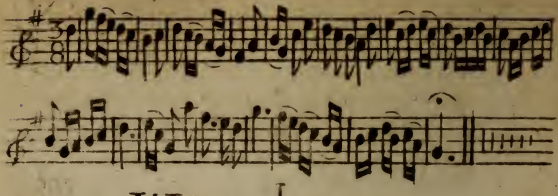
Come put the clatt'ring glasses round,
Hark! with what harmony they sound.
Enlarg'd by a Bumper my freedom I boast,
And thus I recover the heart that I lost.
But whence all this trembling,
Relapse so resembling,
In vain is dissembling;
Clarinda's the Toast.

4

Let me no more my self deceive;
Kindness alone can Love relieve:
Then still will I hugg my fond amorous chain,
And still will I mourn the fair tyrants disdain;
Till mov'd by my sighing,
She kindly complying,
Reprieves me from dying,
And pitys my pain.

Set by Mr. Handel

The Artifice.



1

When *Cloe* we ply,
We swear we shall dye,
Her eyes do our hearts so enthrall;
But 'tis for her pelf,
And not for her self;
It is all artifice all, it is all artifice,
Artifice all.

2

The Maidens are coy,
They'll pish and they'll fie,
And swear if you're rude they will call;
But whisper so low,
By which you may know,
It is all artifice &c.

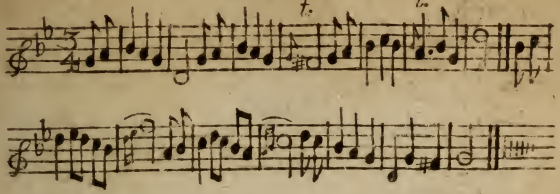
3

My dear the wives cry,
When ever you die,
To marry again we ne'er shall;
But less than a year,
Will make it appear,
It is all artifice &c.

4

In matters of State,
And party debate,
For Church and for justice we bawll;
But if you'll attend,
You'll find in the end,
It is all artifice all, it is all artifice,
Artifice all.

The Vocal Grove.



1

When the bright God of Day,
Drove to Westward his Ray,
And the Ev'ning was charming & clear;
When the Swallows amain,
Nimbly skim'd o're the Plain,
And their Shadows like Giants appear.

2

In a Jessamine Bow'r,
When the Bean was in flow'r,
And the Zephyrs breath'd Odours around:
Lovely *Celia* she sat,
With her Song and Spinnet,
To charm all the Grove with the sound.

3

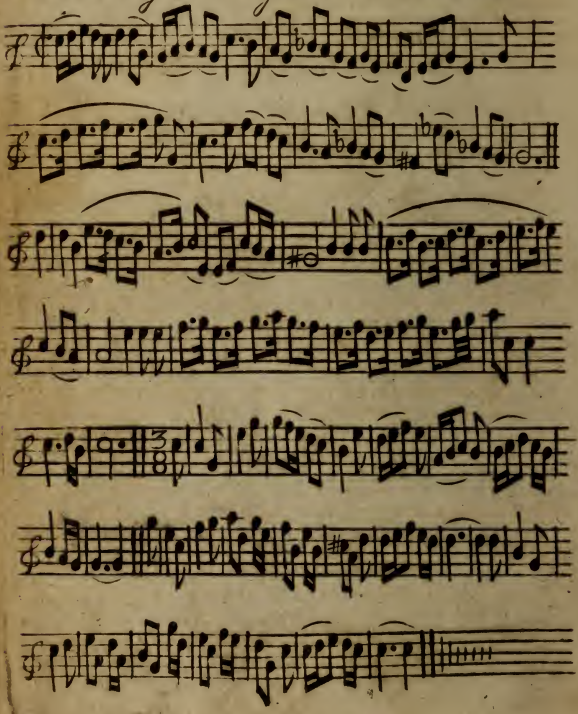
Rosey Bowers She Sung,
Whilst the Harmony rung,
And the Birds did all fluttring arrive;
The Industrious Bees,
From the Flowers and Trees,
Gently hummid with their sweets to their Hive.

4

Now the Gay God of Love,
As he flew o're the Grove,
By Zephyrs conducted along;
While she play'd on the Strings,
He beat Time with his Wings,
And an Ecchо repeated the Song.

Oh ye Mortals beware,
How you venture too near,
Love doubly is Armed to wound;
From her Eyes if you run,
You're surely undone,
If the reach but your Ears w.th her Sound.

A Song Set by M.r H:Purcel.



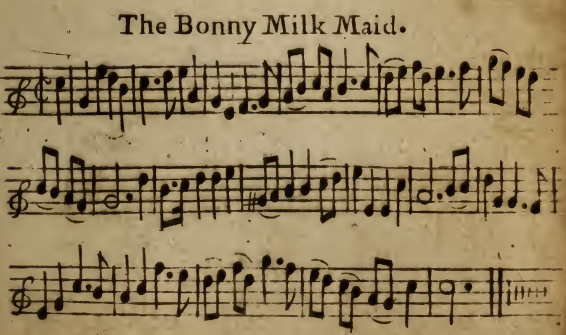
I

Stript of their Green our Groves appear,
Our Vales lye Bury'd deep in Snow;
The Blow--ing North controuls the Air,
A nipping Froſt chills all below.
The Froſt has Gla--zd our deepeſt ſtreams,
Phœbus withdra--ws his kindly Beams,
Phœbus withdra--ws his kindly Beams,
Yet Winter bleſt be thy return,
Thou'ſt brought the Swain for whom I us'd to (mourn;
And in thy Ice with plea--ſing flames we Burn,
And in thy Ice with plea--ſing flames we Burn.

2

Too ſoon the Suns reviveing Heat,
Will thaw that Ice and melt that Snow;
Trumpets will ſound and Drums will beat,
And tell me the dear youth muſt goe:
Then muſt my weak unwilling Armes,
Reſign him up to ſtronger Charms,
What ſweets, what flowers, what Beauteous thing
Now *Damons* gone can Eaſe or Pleaſure bring,
Winter brings *Damon*, Winter is my Spring.

The Bonny Milk Maid.



1

Ye Nymphs and *Silvian* Gods,
That love green Fields and Woods;
When Spring newly blown,
Her ſelf does adorn,
With Flowers and blooming buds:
Come ſing in the praiſe,
Whilſt Flocks do graze,
In yonders pleaſant Vale;
Of thoſe that chooſe,
Their Sleep to loſe,
And in cold Dews,
With clouted Shoes,
Do carry the Milking Pail.

2

The Goddeſs of the Morn,
With bluſhes they adorn;
And take the freſh Air,
Whilſt Linnets prepare
A Conſort on each green Thorn:
The Blackbird and Thruſh,
On every buſh,
And the charming Nightingale;
In merry vein,
Their throats do ſtrain,
To entertain,
The jolly train,
That carry the Milking Pail.

3

When cold bleak Winds do roar,
And Flowers can ſpring no more;
The Fields that were ſeen,
So pleaſant and green,
By Winter all candid o'er:

Oh how the Town Lass,
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly pale;
But it is not so,
With those that go,
Thro' Frost and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
To carry the Milking Pail.

4

The Miss of Courtly mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold;
With washes and Paint,
Her Skin does so taint,
She's wither'd before She's Old:
Whilst she in Commode,
Puts on a Cart load,
And with Cushions plumps her tail;
What Joys are found,
In Russet Gown,
Young plump and Round,
And sweet and sound,
That carry the Milking Pail.

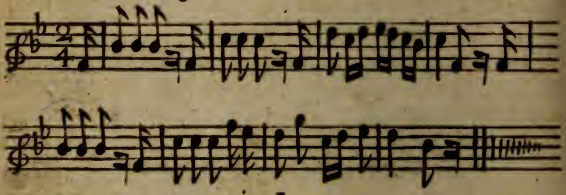
5

The Girls of *Venus* Game,
That ventures Health and Fame;
In practising feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make lovers grow Blind and Lame:
If Men were so Wise,
To value the prise,
Of the Wares most fit for Sale;
What store of *Beaus*,
Would daub their Cloaths,
To save a Nose,
By following those,
That carry the Milking Pail.

6

The Country Lad is free,
From fears and Jealousie;
When upon the Green
He is often seen,
With his Lass upon his Knee:
With Kisses most sweet,
He does her greet,
And swears she'll ne'er grow stale;
Whilst the *London* Lass,
In e'ery place,
With her brazen Face,
Despises the grace,
Of those with the Milking Pail.

A Thing without a Name.



1

Come go with me and you shall see
My friends the Worlds Great Wonder.
For few I think will spare their Chink
Let it Snow, Rain, Hail or Thunder.

2

A Spright there is with dreadfull Phiz
That late the Main came over.
Its Eyes did flame but has no Name
Yet it landed safe at Dover.

3

When it was ſeen the Folk with ſpleen,
Striv'd who ſhould firſt come at it;
But it ran ſo faſt they were forc'd at laſt,
To retreat for they could not get it.

4

O'er Hedge and Ditch like any Witch,
It ſcamper'd like a mad Stagg:
Then each did ſay let's get away,
For it is a very ſad Wag.

5

Then looſing ſight of this Great Spright,
A Cunning-Man was ſent for;
Who when he came (without its Name)
Said they muſt go out of Kent for.

6

Then each laid down his merry Crown,
But all that would not do Sir;
Nor Six Crowns more to all that ſtore,
By my Troth I tell you true Sir.

7

For up to London Town it came,
And ſweat like any Fury;
But when it came they knew its Name,
In the Hundreds of Old Drury.

8

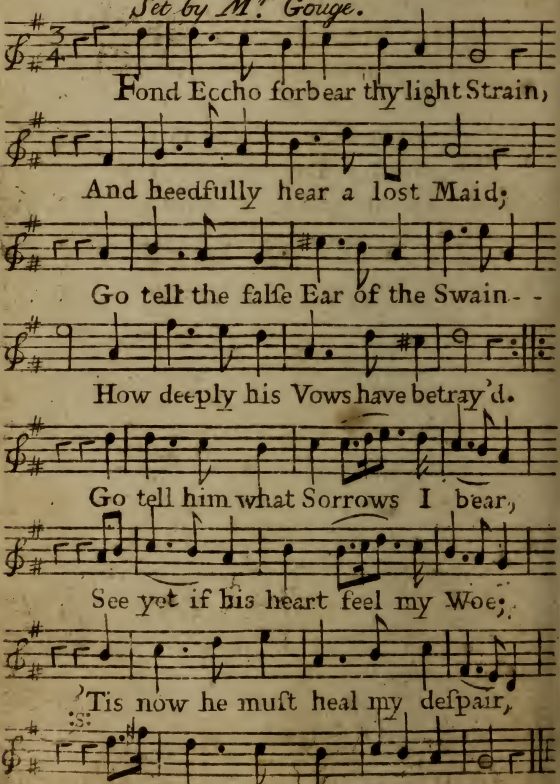
But tell its Name I can't for ſhame;
Gueſs therefore at your leizure:
Be what it will 'twill Coo and Bill,
And afford vaſt deal of Pleaſure.

9

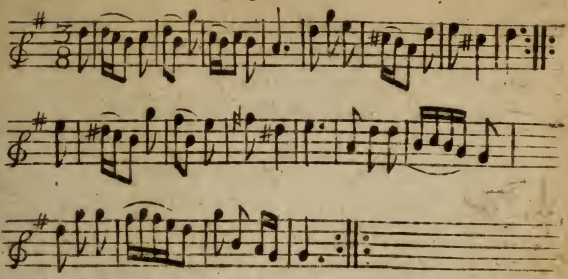
Its ſmooth and rough and that's enough;
'Twill ſtand all ſorts of Weather;
Gently ſtroak it roughly poke it,
And you'll agree together.

The forſaken Maid.

Set by Mr. Gouge.


Fond Eccho forbear thy light Strain,
And heedfully hear a lost Maid;
Go tell the falſe Ear of the Swain- -
How deeply his Vows have betray'd.
Go tell him what Sorrows I bear,
See yet if his heart feel my Woe;
'Tis now he muſt heal my deſpair,
Or Death will make Pity too Slow.

Charming Cloe.



I

What e'er I do where e'er I go,
My *Cloe's* all my darling Theme;
By Day no other thought I know,
By Night no o---ther, By Night no o---
ther pleasing dream.

2

The flow'rs that paint the fragrant Mead,
Are Emblems of my blooming dear;
My *Cloe* there I faintly read,
For *Flora* smiles less winning fair.

3

The spicy gales which fann the leaves,
And gently curl the Crystal flood;
Describe my *Cloe* when she breaths,
Ten thousand sweets througout the W[illegible].

4

The Birds that hail the genial Spring,
And warbling grace each vocal spray;
Surpass'd by *Cloe* hang the wing,
And cease their various trilling lay.

5

The Lamb that ſkips with bounding heels,
Along the dewy verdant plain;
My *Cloes* innocence reveals,
My *Cloes* pleaſant ſprightly vein.

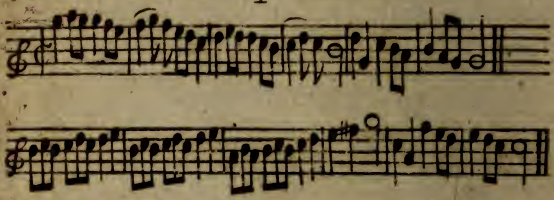
6

Beauty and ſence in ample grace,
In full perfection gavly dreſt;
Charm us in *Cloes* mind and face,
And ſweetly rob us of our reſt.

7

Minerva wiſe and *Venus* fair,
Have jointly form'd the dang'rous Maid;
Fly then ye Swains nor pry too near,
To gaze alaſs! - - is to be dead.

The Lovely Charmer.



1

Wilt thou ever lovely charmer,
Thus perſist to tyranize,
Thus perſist to tyranize;
Can no fire approach to warm her,
Who from danger never flys,
Who from danger never flys.

2
Circl'd in a crow'd of Lovers,
Kindly all you entertain;
None a fav'rite ſmile diſcovers,
Yet we're pleaſ'd to live in pain.

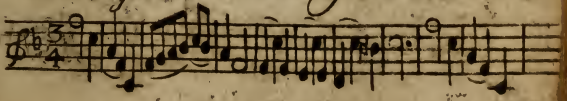
3
Thus with art your Sex exceeding,
You deſpiſe each vain pretence;
Fops encourage by good breeding,
Yet approve the man of ſence.

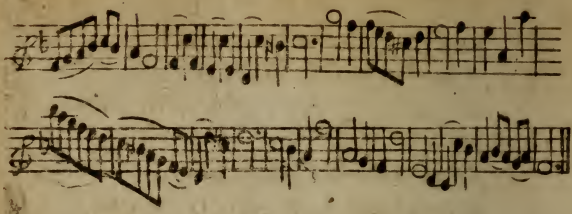
4
Long in ſilence have I waited,
Trembling to diſcloſe my Love;
Fearfull to be one you hated,
Hopeleſs you'ld my flame approve.

5
Yet believe me charming Creature,
Heaven deſign'd you kind as fair;
Truſt for once the God of Nature,
None are happy but a pair.

6
Plays and Balls, nay taſtleſs kiſſes,
All are trifles empty joy;
Love affords more Sollid Bliſſes,
Which delight, yet never cloy.

A Song to a Minuet of M.r Handel's





1

Bacchus one day gayly striding,
On his never failing Tun;
Sneaking empty pots deriding,
Thus addrest each toaping Son:
Praise the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid Shrine;
All things noble gay and airy,
Are perform'd by Generous Wine.

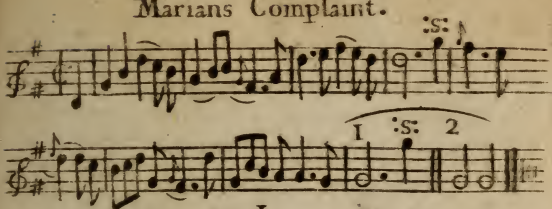
2

Pristin Hero's Crown'd with Glory,
Owe their noble rise to me;
Poets wrote the flaming story
Fir'd by my Divinity:
If my influence is wanting,
Musicks charms but slowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the Swains with Love.

3

If you crave eternal pleasure,
Mortals this way bend your eyes;
From my ever flowing treasure,
Charming Scenes of bliss arise:
Here's the soothing balmy blessing,
Sole dispeller of your pain;
Gloomy Souls from care releasing,
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

Marians Complaint.



I

One Aprill Ev'ning when the Sun,
Had Journey down the Sky;
Poor *Marian* with joyleſs cheer,
Walk'd out moſt heavely.

2

Tears trickled down her faded cheeks,
Soft ſighs her Boſom heav'd;
Soft ſighs confeſt her inward woe,
Alaſs! She'd been deceiv'd.

3

Oh what a wretch am I become;
Poor luckleſs Laſs ſaid ſhe;
The Cowſlip and the Violets bloom,
Have now no charms for me.

4

The ſetting Sun which decks each Cloud,
With ſtreaks of purple dye;
Bring no releif to my diſeaſe,
Nor pleaſure to my Eye.

5

This little River when I dreſs'd,
Once ſerv'd me for a Glaſs;
And now it ſerves to ſhow how Love,
Has ruin'd this poor face.

6

How often *Collin* have you Sworn,
That none you Lov'd but me;
Yet Perjur'd now those Oaths you Scorn,
And slight my misery.

7

What charms can happy *Mopsa* boast,
To change thy faithless mind;
What Beauty more in her than me,
Ungratefull canst thou find.

8

The other Shepherds think me fair,
But what is that to me;
The praise of all the neighb'ring youth;
I hopeless dye for thee.

9

I'd change my eyes and rosey cheeks,
For *Mopsa's* sallow hue;
And be content with blubber lips,
Since they have charms for you.

10

Have I not told you twenty times,
I cou'd not bear deceit;
And who'd have guess'd those harmless looks
Were form'd to hide a cheat.

11

But now alas too late I find,
Those looks have me betray'd;
Yet I'll not spend my dying hours,
Thy falshood to upbraid.

12

But what remaining breath I have,
Shall interceed with Heav'n;
That all thy broken Vows to me,
At laſt may be forgiv'n.

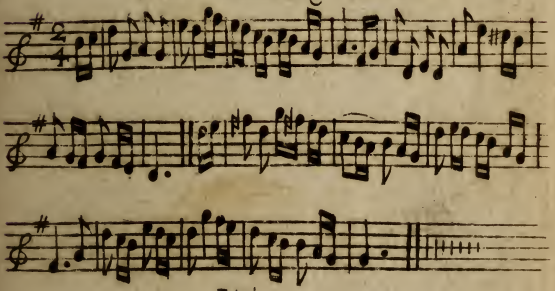
13

And one ſmall Boon of thee unkind,
I e'er I dye require;
Ah do not thou refuſe to grant,
A wretch her laſt deſire!

14

When thou with *Monſa* ſhall have fix'd,
Thy fatal Marriage Day;
Oh do not o'er my green graſs grave,
Inhumane! take thy way.

The Charming Sailor.



1

Farewell the fatal pleaſures,
The ſhining Maſquerade;
And all the dying meaſures,
That tender Love perſuade:
The Notes that ſweetly languiſh,
To Aid the Lovers flame;
Whilſt he reveals his anguiſh,
And begs the fair ones name.

2

No more you can invite me,
You sing alass! in vain;
No Musick can delight me,
Tho' Orpheus play'd again:
A lovely Sailor pleading,
With wit in every word;
Both skil'd in Love and Breeding,
Has fix'd my Heart on board.

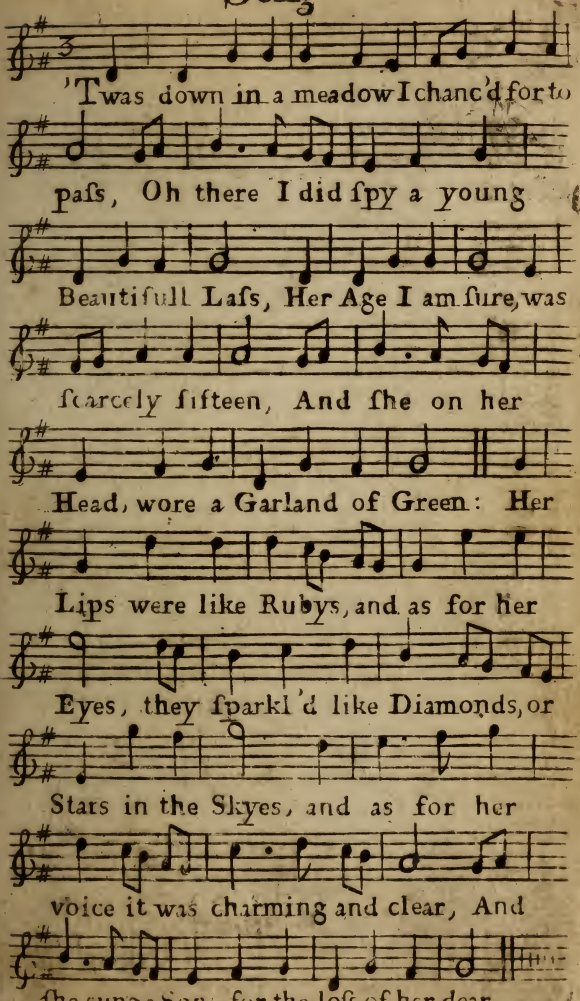
3

In ev'ry dream appearing,
All charming all Divine;
A manner most endearing,
A Voice as soft as mine:
His hand so gently pressing,
As if no ropes they knew;
What is my Song confessing,
It grows a Billet Doux,

4

Some tunefull Voice befriending,
The fondness of my Heart,
In mournfull Notes descending,
My tenderness impart:
Ah sure he soon will know it,
If Love inspire his sight;
Those Eyes that made the Poet,
I fear will guess too right.

Song


'Twas down in a meadow I chanc'd for to
pass, Oh there I did spy a young
Beautifull Lass, Her Age I am sure, was
scarcely fifteen, And she on her
Head, wore a Garland of Green: Her
Lips were like Rubys, and as for her
Eyes, they sparkl'd like Diamonds, or
Stars in the Skyes, and as for her
voice it was charming and clear, And
she sung a Song for the loss of her dear.

2

Why does my lov'd Billy *prove false and unkind,*
Or why does he change like the wavering wind,
From one that is Loyal in ev'ry degree,
O why does he change to another from me,
Or why does he laugh at my Sorrow and woe,
Or why does he scoff at my sad overthrow,
Susanna *will always prove true to her trust,*
I'm sorry lov'd Billy *will prove so unjust.*

3

'Twas down in a meadow a making of Hay,
O there did we pass the sweet minutes away;
I lul'd him to sleep, and I watch't him the while,
And when he awak'd 'twas with a sweet smile;
And when he went forth to Harrow and Plough,
I milk'd him sweet Sully-bubs under the Cow,
O then was I kind and sat on his knee,
No Lad in the World was so loving as he.

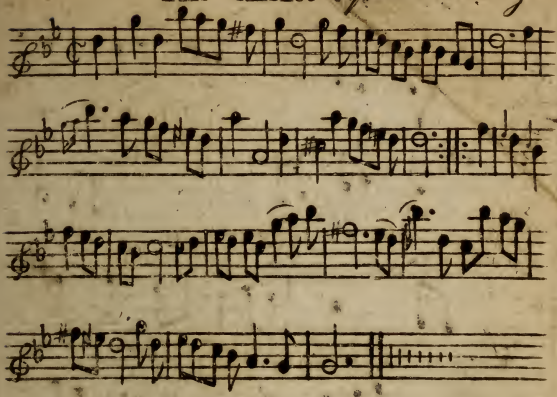
4

But now he has left me, and Fanny *the fair,*
Employs all his wishes, his thoughts and his Care;
He kisses her hand and sets her on his knee,
And says all the kind things he once said to me:
But if she believes him, the false hearted Swain,
Will leave her, and then she like me may complain,
For nothing's more certain — believe, Silly Sue
Who once has been faithless, can seldome prove true.

5

She finisht her Song and rose to begon,
Then over the common came jolly young John,
He told her that she was the Joy of his life,
And if she'd consent he wou'd make her his wife;
She could not refuse him, so to Church they went,
Young Billy's *forgot and young* Susan *content,*
Most Men are like Billy, *most women like* Sue,
And if Men prove false, why shoud women prove true.

The Choice. *by Mr. Tho: Say.*



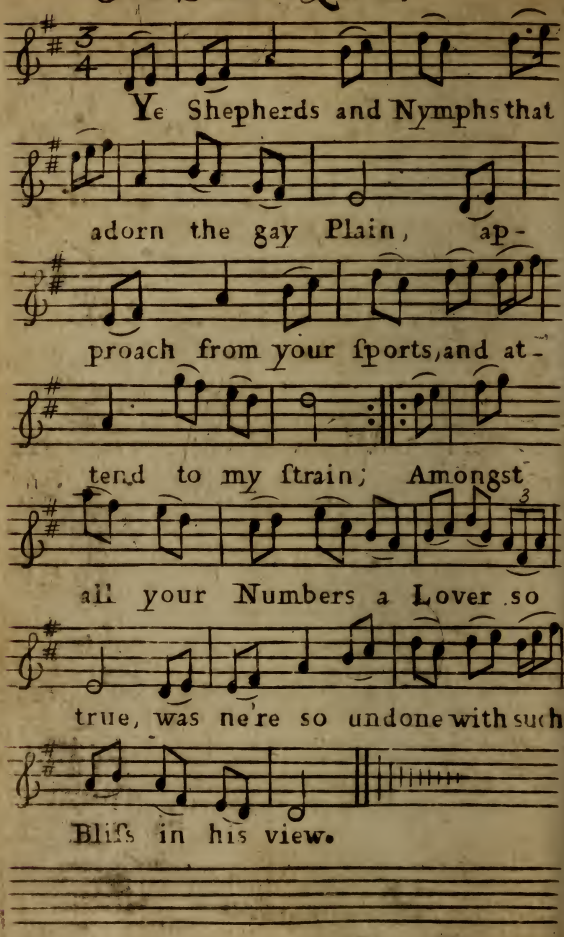
I

Could'st thou give me a pleasure,
Like the Mistress of my heart;
I'd drink beyond all measure,
And from thee never start.
A pleasure so alluring,
I never cou'd refrain,
Till life (not worth enduring)
In a Tun I'd drown my pain.

2

But since there's no comparing
With raptures she can give;
Whose Extasie (past bearing)
I scarce can taste and live:
To brighter joys resigning,
I'll quit thy spark'ling charms,
And die without repining,
To be buried in her Arms.

The Sincere Lover.


Ye Shepherds and Nymphs that
adorn the gay Plain, ap-
proach from your ſports, and at-
tend to my ſtrain; Amongſt
all your Numbers a Lover ſo
true, was ne're ſo undone with ſuch
Bliſs in his view.

2

Was ever a Nymph so hard hearted as mine,
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine,
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath
But calmly and mildly resigns me to Death.

3

She calls me her friend, but her Lover denies,
She smiles when I'm chearfull, but hears not my Sighs
A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
Inspires me with hopes, and yet bids me despair.

4

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears,
Her answers confound, when her Manner endears
When softly she tells me to hope no releif,
My trembling Lips bless her in spite of my grief.

5

At night in my slumbers still haunted with Care,
I start up in anguish, and Sigh for the Fair,
The Fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so,
And only in dreaming imagine my woe.

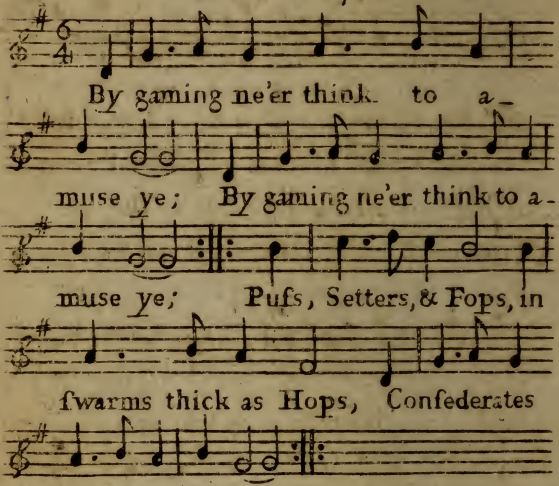
6

Than gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she should Love whom she cannot admire,
Hush all thy complainings, and dying her Slave
Commend her to Heaven, and thy self to the Grave.

Hazard. A Song.

Made at Tunbridge *to the Tune of* At the Tree I shall suffer &c.

Vivitur ex rapto.


By gaming ne'er think to a-
muse ye; By gaming ne'er think to a-
muse ye; Pufs, Setters, & Fops, in
swarms thick as Hops, Confederates
are to abuse ye.

2

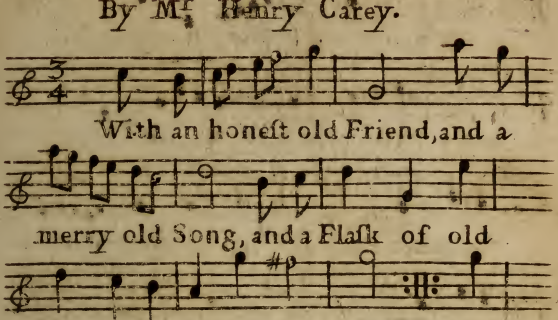
There's Cowards and Counterfitt Cockheads, :||:
Who merit the Gallows,
Set up for fine Felows,
When in fact they'r but Rascals and Block-heads.

3

They'r a match for your *Peachums* and *Lockets*; :||:
With an Apish Grimace,
They'l smile in your Face,
All the while they are picking y^r Pockets.

Once for all.

By Mr. Henry Carey.


With an honeſt old Friend, and a
merry old Song, and a Flaſk of old
Port, let me ſit the night long: And
laugh at y malice of thoſe who repine, that
they muſt drink Porter, while I can drink Wine.

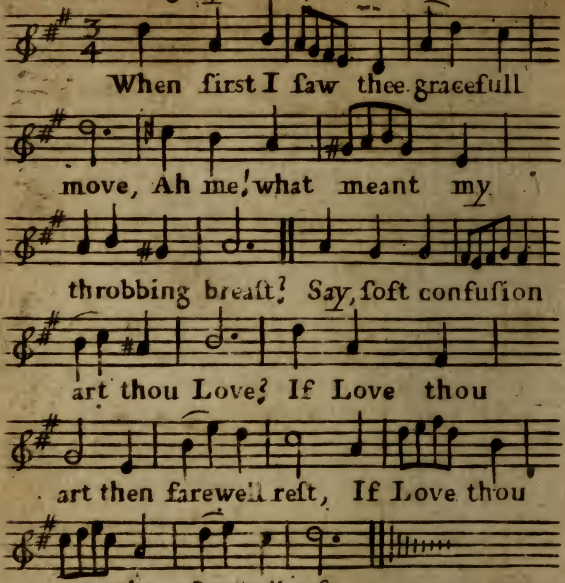
2

I envy no mortal tho' ever ſo Great,
Nor ſcorn I a wretch for his lowly Eſtate;
But what I abhor and eſteem as a Curſe,
Is poorneſs of Spirit, not poorneſs in Purſe.

3

Then dare to be Generous, dauntleſs, and Gay
Let us merrily paſs Lifes remainder away.
Upheld by our Friends we our Foes may deſpiſe.
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we riſe.

A Song by Mr John Webber.


When first I saw thee gracefull
move, Ah me! what meant my
throbbing breast? Say, soft confusion
art thou Love? If Love thou
art then farewell rest, If Love thou
art then farewell rest.

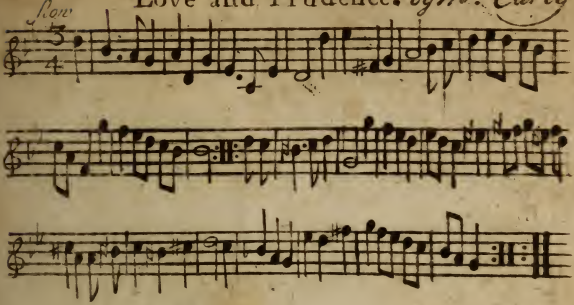
2

Since doom'd I am to Love the Swain,
Though hopeless of a warm return;
Yet kill me not with cold disdain,
But let me live, and let me burn.

3

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,
Those gentle smiles did first create;
And though you cannot Love again,
In pity Oh! forbear to hate.

Love and Prudence. by Mr. Carey



1

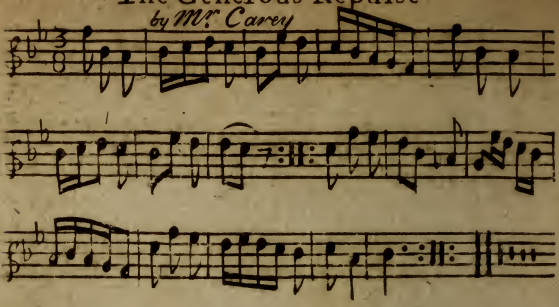
Alone by a Fountain,
I preſs the cold Ground,
I preſs the cold Ground,
Lest the Rocks & the Mountain:
My grief Should resound
For the Man thats so dear,
I'll never diſcover,
No never diſcover,
Lest the Eccho Should hear,
The Eccho Should hear,
And Repeat to my Lover.

2

The pains that invade me
I never will tell,
No never will tell.
Lest the World Should Upbraid me
With Loving too well;
If my truth cannot move,
No Fondneſs I'll show,
No Fondneſs I'll show;
Tis enough that I Love,
Enough that I Love,
And too much he Should know.

The Generous Repulse

by Mr. Carey



1

Thy vain pursuit fond youth give o'er,
What more alas can *Flavia* do:
Thy worth I own, thy fate deplore,
All are not happy that are true,

2

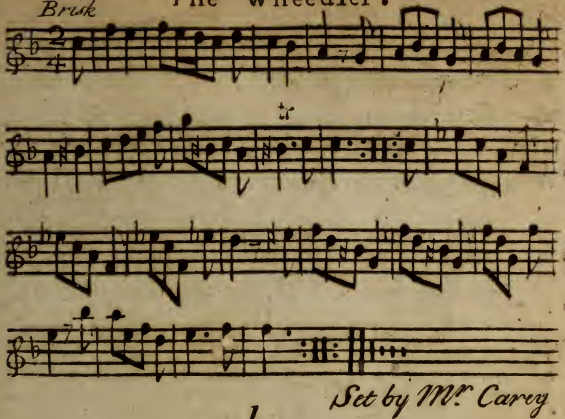
Suppress thy sighs & weep no more,
Should Heav'n & Earth with ye combine;
Twere all in vain since any pow'r
To Crown thy Love, must alter mine.

3

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
I'll sooth the Ills I cannot cure;
Tell thee I drag a hopeless chain,
And all that I inflict endure.

The Wheedler.

Brisk



Set by Mr. Carey

1

In vain dear *Chloe* you Suggest,
That I, Inconstant have posesst,
Or Lov'd a fairer she:
But if at once you would be cur'd,
Of all the Ills you have Endur'd,
Look in your Glass and See.

2

And if perchance you there Should find
A nymph more Lovely or more kind,
You've Reason for your tears;
But if impartial you will prove,
Both to your Beauty & my Love,
How needless are those fears.

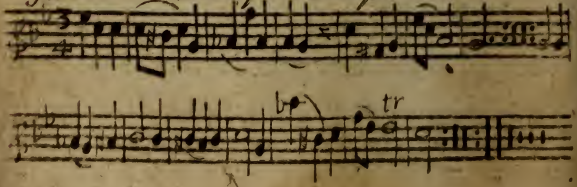
3
If in my way I should by Chance,
Give, or receive a wanton glance,
I like but Whilst I view;
How faint & glance, how slight the kiss,
Compar'd to that Substantial bliss,
I Still receive from you.

4
With wanton flight & curious Bee,
From Flower to Flower still wanders free,
And where each Blossom blows;
Extracts the Iuice of all he meets,
And for his Quintescence of Sweets,
He Ravishes the Rose.

5
So I my leisure to employ,
In each variety of Ioy,
From Nymph to nymph do roame;
Perhaps See Fifty in a Day,
They are but visits which I pay,
For *Chloe's* still my home.

The Dying Swan.

Slow Set by Mr. Carey.



1

'Twas on a Rivers verdant side,
Just at the Close of Day,
A Dying Swan with Musick tried,
To Chase her cares away.

2

And, tho' she ne'er had Stretch'd her throat
Or tun'd her Voice before,
Death (ravish'd with so sweet a Note,)
A while the Stroke forbore.

3

Farewel, she cry'd, ye Silver Streams,
Sweet purling Streams adieu!
Where *Phœbus* us'd to dart his beams,
And bless both me and you.

4

Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds,
Soft Scenes of happy Love!
Farewel, ye dear Enamel'd Meads,
Where I was wont to rove.

5

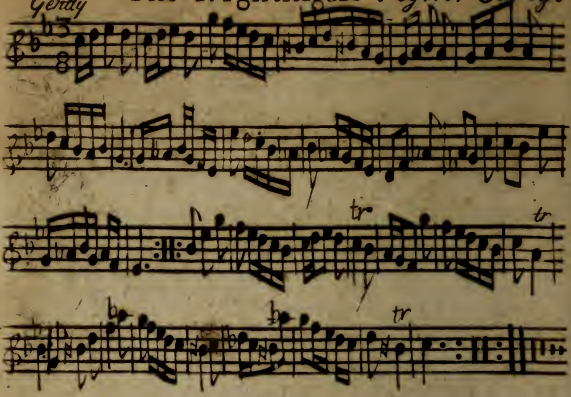
No more with you must I converse,
See! yonder setting Sun,
Attends, while I my last rehearse,
And then I must be gone.

6

Weep not, my tender, constant Mate!
We'll meet again below:
It is the Fixt decree of Fate,
And I with pleasure go

The Nightingale . *by Mr. Carey.*

Gently



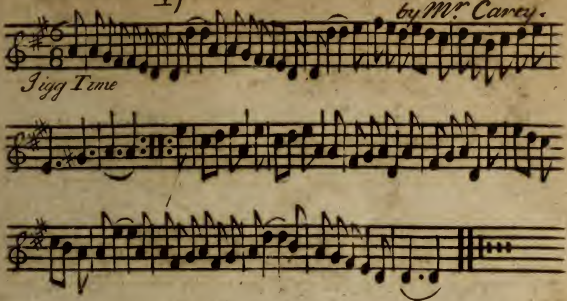
1

While in a Bow'r with beauty blest,
The lov'd, the lov'd *Amintor* lies;
While Sinking on *Lucinda's* breast,
He fondly, fondly kiss'd her Eyes;
A Wakeful Nightingale who long had mourn'd
Had mourn'd within the Shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song,
And warbled through the Glade.

2

Melodious Songstress! cry'd the Swain,
To Shades, to Shades less happy go;
Or if thou wilt with us remain,
Forbear, forbear thy tuneful woe:
While in *Lucinda's* arms I lie,
To Song, to Song, I am not free,
On her soft bosome, while I die,
I Discord find in thee.

The Romp in the Provok'd Husband



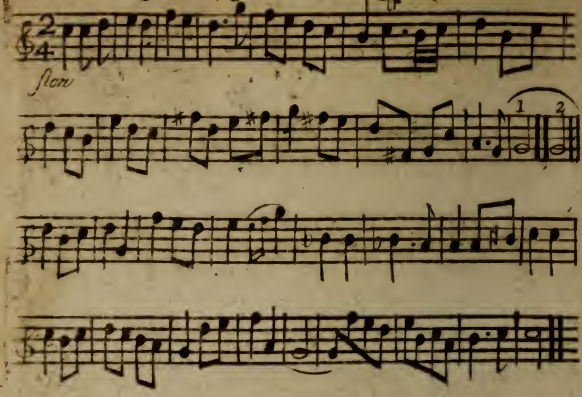
1

Oh I'll have a Husband ay marry,
For why Shou'd I Longer tarry,
For why Shou'd I Longer tarry,
Than other brisk Girls have done.
For if I ſtay,
Till I grow grey,
They'll call me old Maid,
And fuſty old Iade,
So I'll no longer tarry,
But I'll have a Husband ay marry,
If money can buy me one.

2

My Mother She says I'm too coming;
And ſtill in my Ears She is drumming,
And ſtill in my Ears She is drumming.
That I ſuch vain Thoughts Should ſhun
My Siſters they cry,
Oh fye and Oh fye!
But yet I can See,
They're as coming as me;
So let me have Husbands in Plenty,
I'd rather have Twenty times Twenty,
Than dye an old maid Undone.

A Song Set by Mr. Carey



1

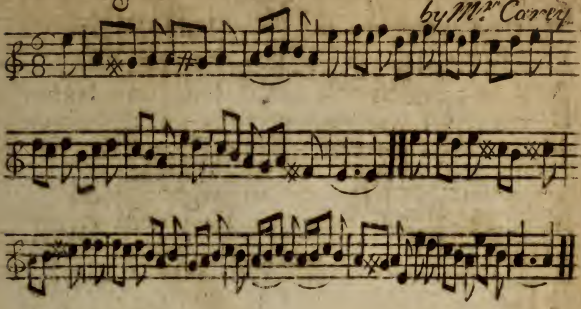
Sad *Musidora* all in woe,
A Silent Grotto Seeks,
No more her self on Plains does show,
But Sighing thus she Speaks:
Why was I born of high degree?
An humble Shepherdess,
Had been much happier far for me,
Than all this gau-dy dress.

2

A Sumptuous Palace full of Joy,
To me a Dungeon is,
And all that mirth does me Annoy,
Which others Count for Bliss;
Then lost in Grief the lovely maid,
Retir'd from all the Throng,
And on a Bank reclin'd her head,
While Tears ran trick-ling Down.

A Song in the Provok'd Husband

by Mr. Carey



1

What tho' they call me Country Lass,
I read it plainly in my Glass,
That for a Dutchess I might pass,
Oh could I See the Day!
Would Fortune but attend my call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring, at Ball,
I'd Brave the Proudest of 'em all;
With a Stand by! — Clear the way!

2

Surrounded by a Croud of Beaux,
With smart Toupets, and Powder'd Cloaths
At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose,
Oh could I See the Day!
I'll dart such glances from these Eyes,
Shall make some Nobleman my Prize
And then Oh how I'll Tyranize
With a Stand by! — Clear the way!

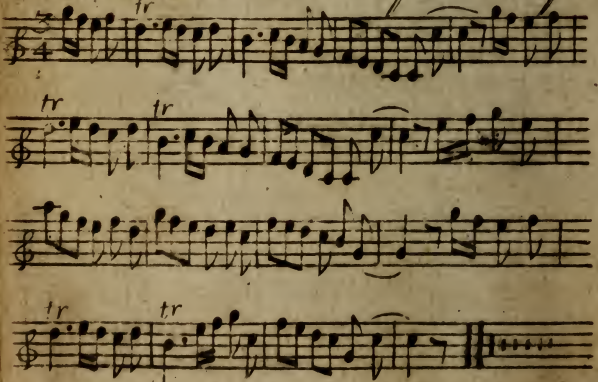
3

O then for Grandeur and Delight,
For Equipage, for Diamonds Bright,
And Flambeaux that outshine the light!
Oh could I See the Day.
Thus ever easy, ever gay,
Quadrille shall wear the night away,
And pleasure crown the growing Day,
With a Stand by! — Clear the Way.

Of Love and Joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of Life to kill,
In every thing I'd have my will,

Polly Peachum

The Words and Musick by Mr. Carey



1

Of all the Toasts that Brittain boasts;
The Gim, the Gent, the Iolly,
The Brown, the Fair, the Debonnair,
There's none cry'd up like *Polly*;
She's charm'd the Town, has quite cut down
The Opera of *Rolly*:
Go where you will, the Subject still,
Is Pretty pretty *Polly*.

2

There's Madam *Fauſtina*, Catso!
And eke Madame *Caſoni*;
Likewise *Signor Seneſino*,
Are tutti Abbandonni:
Ha, ha, ha, ha, Do, re, mi, fa,
Are now but Farce and Folly,
We're ravish'd all, with Toll, loll, loll,
And Pretty pretty *Polly*.

3

The Sons of Bayes, in Lyric Lays,
Sound forth her Fame in Print O;
And as we Paſs, in Frame and Glaſs,
We see her *Mezzo-tint-o*:
In Ivy Lane, the City Strain,
Is now no more on *Dolly*;
And all the Brights, at *Man's* and *White's*,
Of Nothing talk, but *Polly*

4

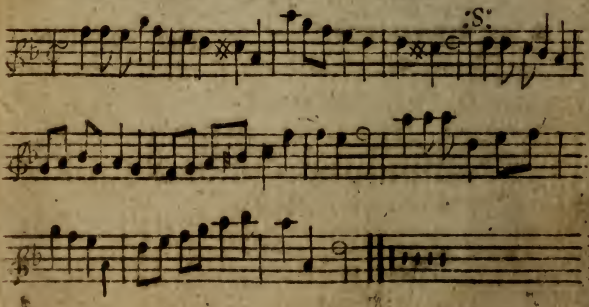
Oh *Iohnny Gay!* thy Lucky Play,
Has made the Criticks Grin, a;
They Cry 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,
But, let them Laugh that win, a;
I Swear Parbleu, 'tis naif and new;
Ill Nature is but folly,
'Thas lent a Stitch, to Fate of *Rich*,
And set up Madam *Polly*.

5

Ah Tuneful Fair! Beware! beware;
Nor Toy with Star and Garter;
Fine Cloaths may hide a foul Inside,
And you may Catch a Tartar:
If Powder'd Fop Blow up your Shop,
'Twill make you Melancholly:
Then left Forlorn the Beaux will Scorn,
Alas, alas, Poor *Polly!*

Carey's Wish

A Catch for Three Voices



1

Curst be the Wretch thats bought & Sold,
And Barters Liberty for Gold;
For when Election is not free,
In vain we boast of Liberty;
And he, who sells his Single Right,
Would sell his Country; if he might.

2

When Liberty is put to Sale,
For wine, for Money, or for Ale,
The sellers must be abject Slaves,
The Buyers vile designing Knaves;
And't has a Proverb been of Old
The Devil's bought, but to be Sold.

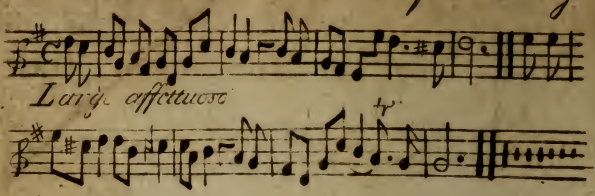
3

This Maxim, in the Statesman's Schools,
Is always taught, *Divide* and *Rule*,
All parties are to him a joke;
While Zealots foam, he fits the yoke;
When men their reason once Resume,
Tis then the Statesman's turn to fume.

4

Learn, learn ye Brittons to unite,
Leave off the old Exploded bite,
Hence forth let *Whig* and *Tory* cease,
And turn all party rage to peace;
Then shall we see a Glorious Scene,
And so, God save the *King* and *Queen*!

The Maids Petition by Mr. Carey



1

Cruel Creature can you leave me,
Can you then Ungrateful prove:
Did you Court me, to decieve me,
And to Slight my Constant Love?

2

False Ungrateful! thus to woe me,
Thus to make my Heart a Prize;
First to ruin and undo me,
Then to Scorn and Tyrannize.

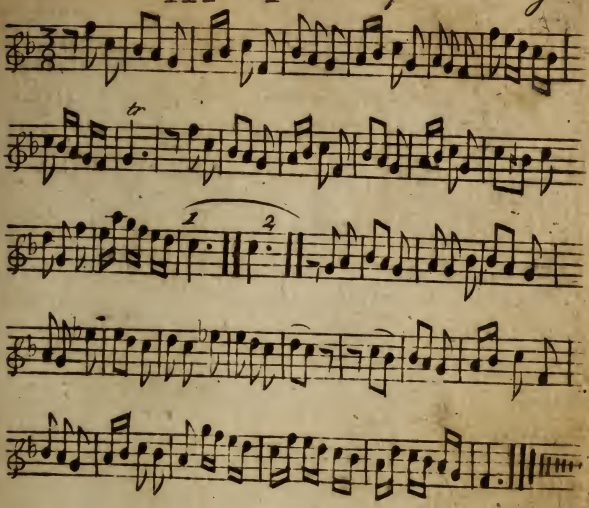
3

Shall I Send to Heav'n my Prayer,
Shall I all my Wrongs relate;
Shall I curse the dear betraver,
No alas it is too late.

4

Cupid pity my Condition,
Pierce this unrelening Swain;
Hear a Tender Maids Petition,
And Restore my Love again.

Happy Myrtillo *by Mr. Carey.*



1

On a Grafsy Pillow,
The youthfull *Myrtillo*, the youthfull *Myrtillo*
Tranſported was laid;
In his Arms a Creature,
Whoſe E'ery Feature, whoſe E'ery Feature
For Conqueſt was made;
To his Side he Claſp'd her,
And Fondly Graſp'd her, & fondly graſp'd her,
While she Cry'd Oh Dear,
Oh Dear *Myrtillo!*
Had I known your will oh! had I known &c.
I'd never come here.

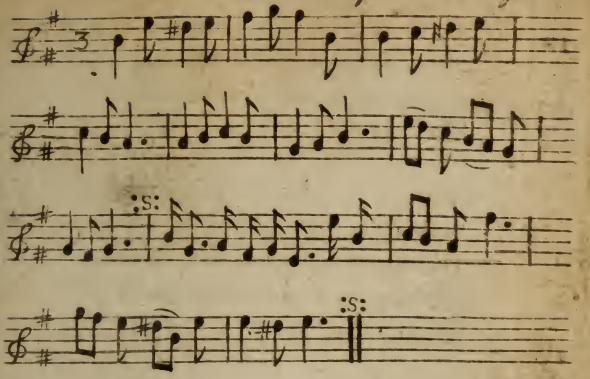
2

Streams Gently flowing,
And Zephyr blowing, & Zephyr &c.
Ambrosial Breeze;
A Swain admiring,
And all Consp'iring, & all &c.
The Charmer to please;
The dear Nymph Complying,
No more denying, no more &c.
A Silent Grove;
Oh Blest *Myrtillo!*
You may if you will O, you &c.
Be happy as *love*.

3.

Now the Devill's in it
If such a Minute, if such &c.
The Shepherd could lose;
No, no, no *Myrtillo*
Has better Skill O, has &c.
His Moments to Chuse:
The delightfull Treasure,
Of Love and Pleasure, Of Love &c.
He boldly seiz'd!
And like *Myrtillo*,
He had his fill O, he had &c.
Of what he Pleas'd.

The Faires. by Mr Leveridge.



I

1st. Fairy Now the hungry Lions roar,
And howling Wolves behold the Moon,
Now the heavy Plowmen snoar,
After daily Labours done.
Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it softly
round, ever Sacred be this ground.

2

2d. Fairy Now the Brands of Fire do glow,
Whilst the Screech Owl Screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lyes in woe
In remembrance of a Shroud.
Trip it. &c.

3

3d. Fairy Now it is the time of night,
That the Graves are gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his Spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
Trip it &c.

4

4th Fairy. And we Faires that do run,
By the Triple Hecats team,
From the presence of the Sun,
Following darkness like a dream.
Trip it &c.

5

5th Fairy. Tho' we frolick let no Mouse,
Or boarding Bird or Beast of Prey,
Disturb the quiet of this House,
But downy sleep bring on the day.
Trip it &c.

6

6th Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not here,
Spotted Snakes, do no offence,
Beatles black, approach not near,
Worm and Snail, be far from hence.
Trip it &c.

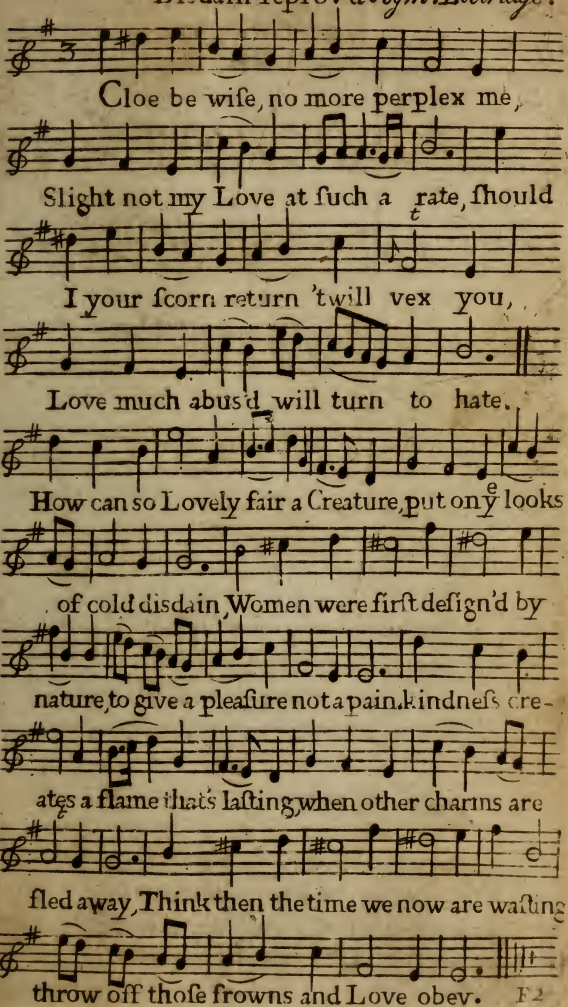
7

7th Fairy. By the dead and drowzy fire,
Every Elfe, and Fairy Spright,
Hop as little Bird from brier,
Nimbly nimbly and as light.
Trip it &c.

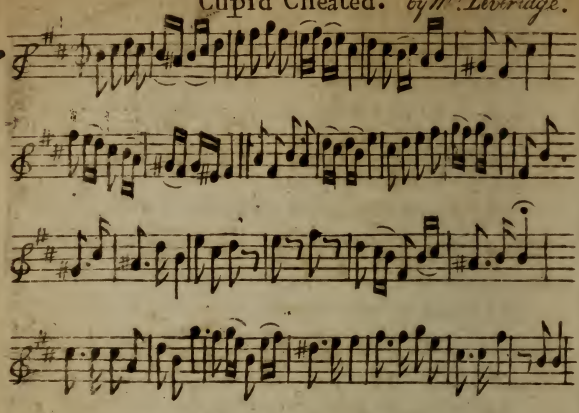
8

8th Fairy. Now joyn all your warbling notes,
In Chorus of sweet Harmony,
Strain aloud your Fairy throats,
Sing and Dance it Tripingly.
Trip it trip it trip it trip it softly round,
Ever Sacred be this ground.

Disdain reprov'd. *by Mr. Leveridge.*


Cloe be wise, no more perplex me,
Slight not my Love at such a rate, should
I your scorn return 'twill vex you,
Love much abus'd will turn to hate.
How can so Lovely fair a Creature, put on y e looks
of cold disdain, Women were first design'd by
nature, to give a pleasure not a pain. kindness cre-
ates a flame that's lasting, when other charms are
fled away, Think then the time we now are wasting
throw off those frowns and Love obey.

Cupid Cheated. by Mr. Leveridge.

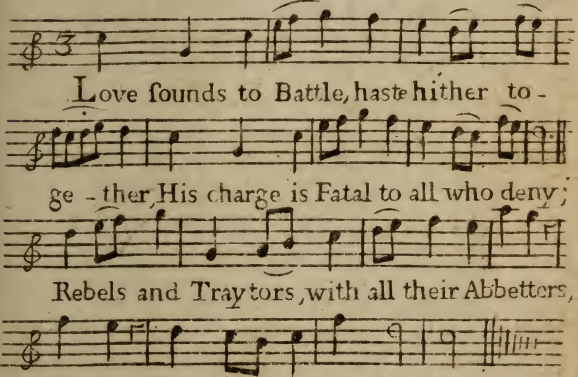


Cupid once in search of Prey,
Thought my reason gone astray,
From his Quiver chose a dart,
From his Quiver chose a dart,
Soon he drew it to the head,
And thus smiling to me said,
Traytor, now have at thy heart,
Traytor, now, now, now,
Traytor, now have at thy heart.
Oh how pleas'd the Chitt was grown,
With the thoughts I was his own,
But alas I feign'd the Smart,
Alas I feign'd, alas I feign'd the Smart,
Alas I feign'd the Smart.

The following words to be Sung to the Notes of the first Part.

When the God perceiv'd the ſham,
And that he had lost his Aim,
In a paſsion thus he Swore,
In a paſsion thus he Swore,
Farewell Quiver farewell Bow,
From this very time I vow,
Never will I uſe you more,
Never no no no never will I uſe you more.

Loves Reward. *by Mr. Leveridge.*


Love ſounds to Battle, haſte hither to-
ge-ther, His charge is Fatal to all who deny;
Rebels and Traytors, with all their Abbetters,
Fearing, Trembling, before him fly.

2

Vain are the Forces
Of Rangers
And Changers,
All their recourse is
To arm with a Quart,

But when they'r bowzing,
And freely Carrouzing,
Laughing,
Quaffing,
He wounds the heart.

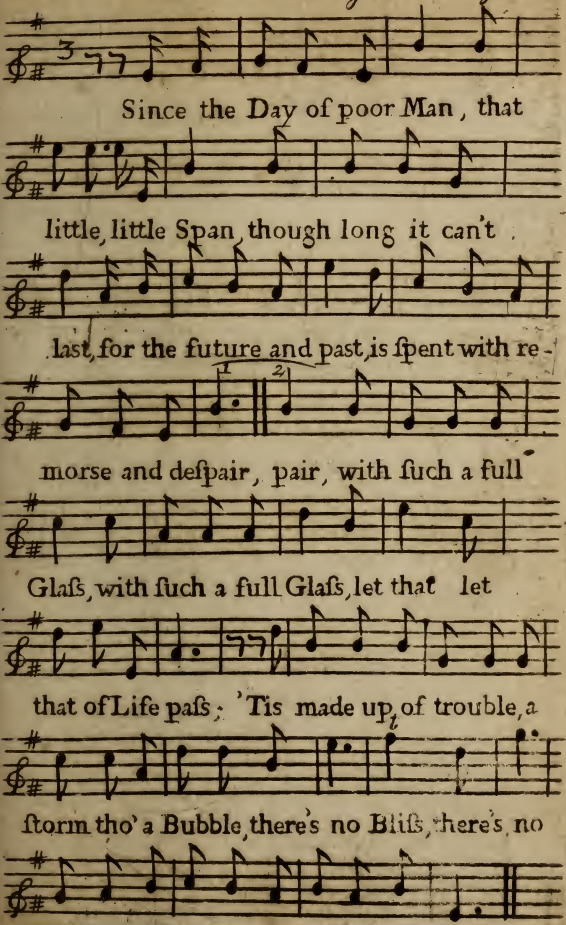
3

To all Deserters,
Annoying,
Destroying,
He ne'er gives Quarters,
But sets them on fire,
The flame past curing,
With rage they'r enduring,
Scorching,
Burning,
'Till they expire.

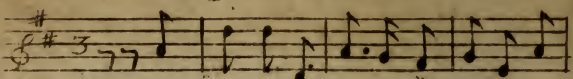
4

But the true Lover
That Sallys
And Rallys,
Nor turns a Rover,
But stands to his arms,
Under Loves Banner,
Shall be Crown'd with Honour,
Kissing,
Pressing,
And melt in Charms.

Life a Bubble. *by Mr. Leveridge.*


Since the Day of poor Man, that
little, little Span, though long it can't
last, for the future and past, is ſpent with re-
morse and deſpair, pair, with ſuch a full
Glaſs, with ſuch a full Glaſs, let that let
that of Life paſs; 'Tis made up of trouble, a
ſtorm tho' a Bubble, there's no Bliſs, there's no
Bliſs like forgeting, forgeting our care.

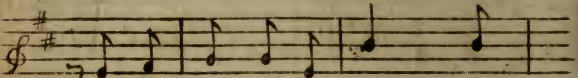
Cupid over reach'd.



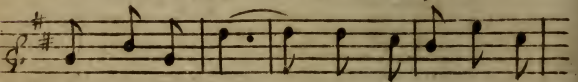
Young Cupid I find, to ſubdue me in-

clin'd, But at length I a Stratagem

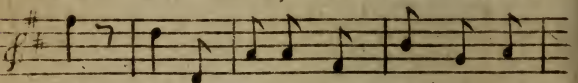
found, that will rid me of him, him,



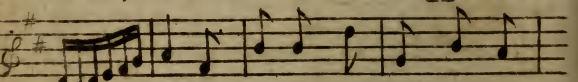
For I'll drink to the Brim, I'll



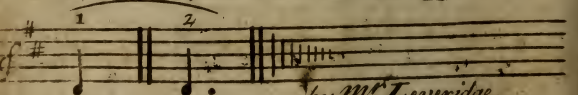
drink to the Brim, And unleſs he can



Swim, He like other blind Puppies will



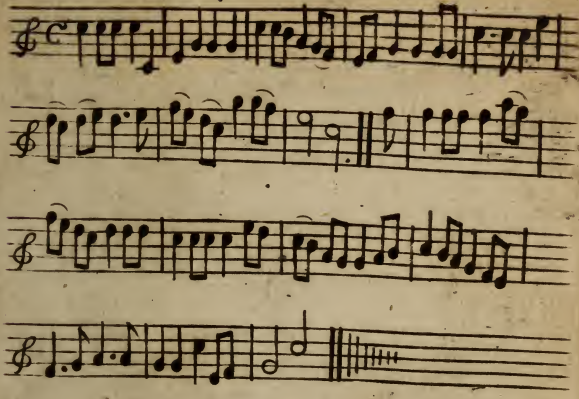
drow- -n, like other blind Puppies will



drown, drown.

by Mr. Leveridge.

A Cure for the Spleen.



I

Here here good Folks from far & nigh,
You who love life and health come buy,
Of our Great Doctor of renown,
His Grand *Secretum* fam'd in Town.
Our Doctor's travell'd far and near,
And practic'd more than thirty year,
Dance all ye Sick, ye Lame, ye Blind,
Since such a Doctor you can find.

2

If you'd be well, him you must call,
Deep learn'd, he knows the Devil and all,
He bears the vogue with small & Great,
None die but when he comes too late.
Our Doctor's &c.

3

His Grand *Secretum* never fails,
To cure all Fevers, and worse ails,
The Gout, the Pox, the Hip, or Spleen,
And all distempers of the Brain.
Our Doctors &c.

4

The Cough, Conſumption, or the Stone,
Diſeaſes too of Fleſh or Bone;
It cures at once, just in a Trice,
All the diſtempers of the Eyes.
Our Doctor &c.

5

Cholick it cures to a wonder,
Pent up Air expels like Thunder,
Bound or Looſe, if you would Eat
It gives you Stomack to your meat.
Our Doctor's &c.

6

Hyſterics cures, and Womens ills,
Cuts Childrens teeth, and Worms it kills;
Strengthens weak parts, whoſe names you'l
gueſs,
Greenſickneſs cures and Barrenneſs.
Our Doctor's &c.

7

Thas cur'd ten thouſand, aſk *Pegg Shore*?
Honeſt houſe keeper, ſhe's no Whore,
To vouch it too, we'll bring *Tom Caſe*,
Who'll ſwear it till he's black o'th' Face.
Our Doctors &c.

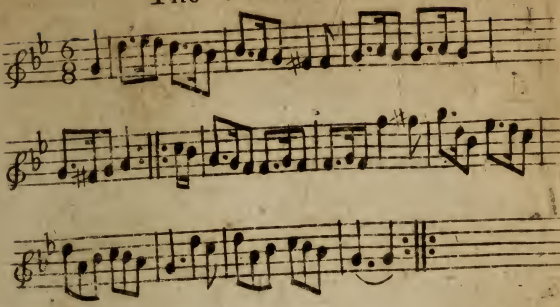
8

Nor is it true that Gamar *Gooding*,
Fam'd for Toys and making Pudding,
Had ever yet the right receipt,
Thus what ſhe ſells is a meer cheat.
Our Doctor's &c.

9

Nor muſt you think this a Quack Bill,
Since publiſh'd for the common weal,
But would you've more of Doctor Gratis,
Aſk where you'd this, er't too late is.
Our Doctor's &c.

The Coblers End.



1

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall,
Which serv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen & Hall,
No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate,
No ambition had he, nor Duns at his Gate.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

2

Contented he work'd, & he thought himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a Jugg of brown Nut;
He'd laugh then and whistle, and Sing too most Sweet
Saying just to a Hair I've made both ends meet.
Derry down &c.

3

But Love the disturber of high and of low,
That Shoots at the Peasant as well as the Beau,
He Shot the poor Cobler quite thorough the Heart
I wish it had hit some more ignoble Part.
Derry down &c.

4

It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,
Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay,
Her Eyes Shone so bright when she rose every day
That she Shot the poor Cobler quite over the Leas.
Derry down &c.

5

He Sung her Love-Songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk,
When ever he spake she would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor Cobler quite into despair.
Derry down &c.

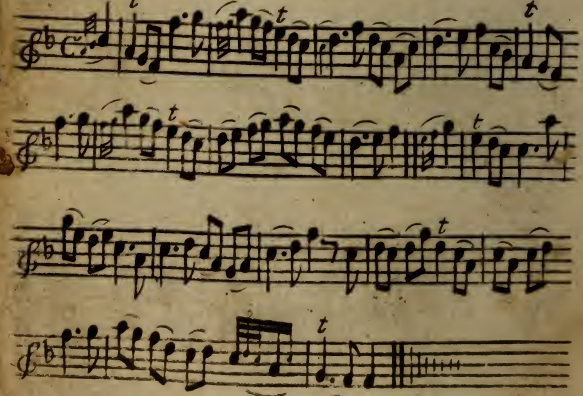
6

He took up his AUL *that he had in the world,*
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd through his Body instead of the Sole,
So the Cobler he dy'd and the Bell it did toll.
Derry down &c.

7

And now in good will I advise as a friend,
All Coblers take notice of this Coblers End,
Keep your hearts out of Love for we find by what's past,
That Love brings us all to an End at the last.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

The last time I came o'er the Moor.



I

The last time I came o'er the Moor,
I left my Love behind me;
Ye Pow'rs! what pain do I endure
When soft Ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd
The Beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my Lovely Maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

2

Beneath the cooling shade we lay
Gazing and chastly sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd Time away,
'Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings when she was nigh me;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

3

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where mortal Steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
Where dangers may surround me:
Yet hopes again to see my Love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my Cares at distance move,
In Prospect of such Blisses.

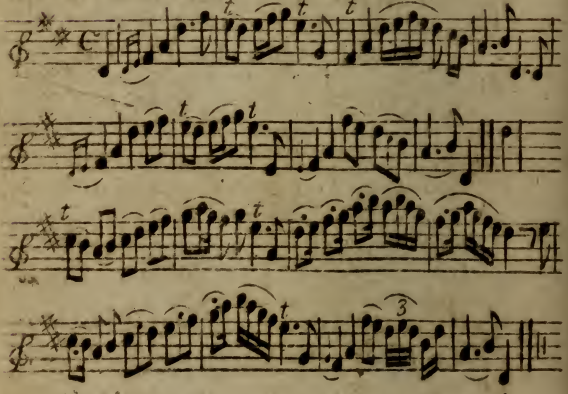
4

In all my Soul, there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excells in every Grace,
In her my Love shall center.
Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
Their Waves the *Alps* shall cover,
On Greenlands Ice shall Roses grow,
Before I cease to Love her.

5

The next time I go o'er the Moor,
She shall a Lover find me,
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then *Hymens* sacred bonds shall chain,
My heart to her fair bosom,
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more fresh shall blossom.

The Bush aboon Traquair.



I

Hear me ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
Tho' thus I languish, and complain,
Alass! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent Air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the Bony Bush aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I first did lo'e her.

2

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame
I meant not to offend her.

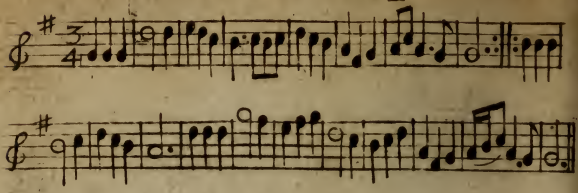
3

Yet now she scornfull flies the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bony Bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember,
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

4

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my Strains,
Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me:
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me:
If not, my Love will turn despair,
My Passion no more tender;
I'll leave the Bush aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

The Power of Beauty.



1

When Beauty does her Power pursue,
What can't a charming Woman doe,
All all must struggle and come too,
When Beauty does her Power pursue,
What can't a charming Woman doe.

2

She makes the Soldier quit his rage,
She makes the Sword quite loose ye edge.
All all &c.

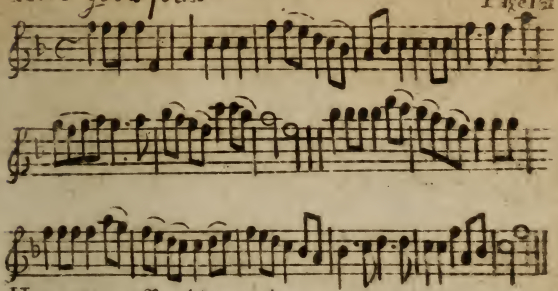
3

She makes the States-men look like fools,
She makes the Students slight their schools.
All all &c.

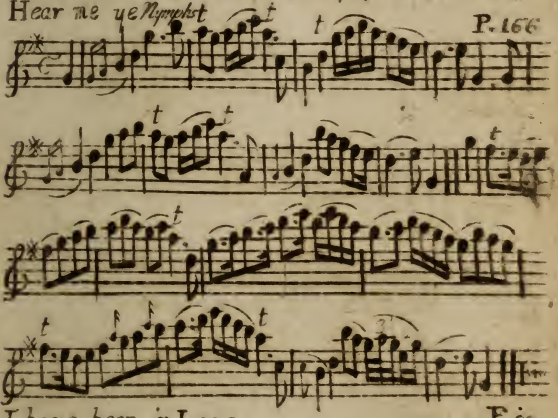
4

She makes the Greatest Prince her Slave,
The Stout the Bold the young the Brave.
All all must struggle and come too,
When Beauty does her Power pursue,
What can't a charming Woman doe.

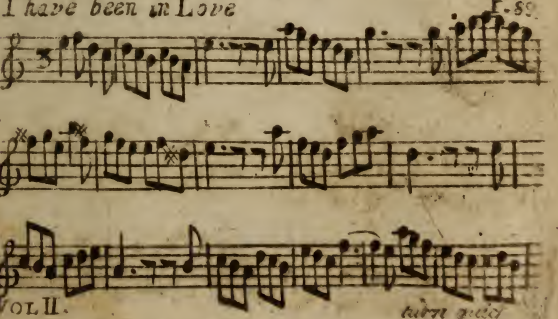
Here good folks P. 162

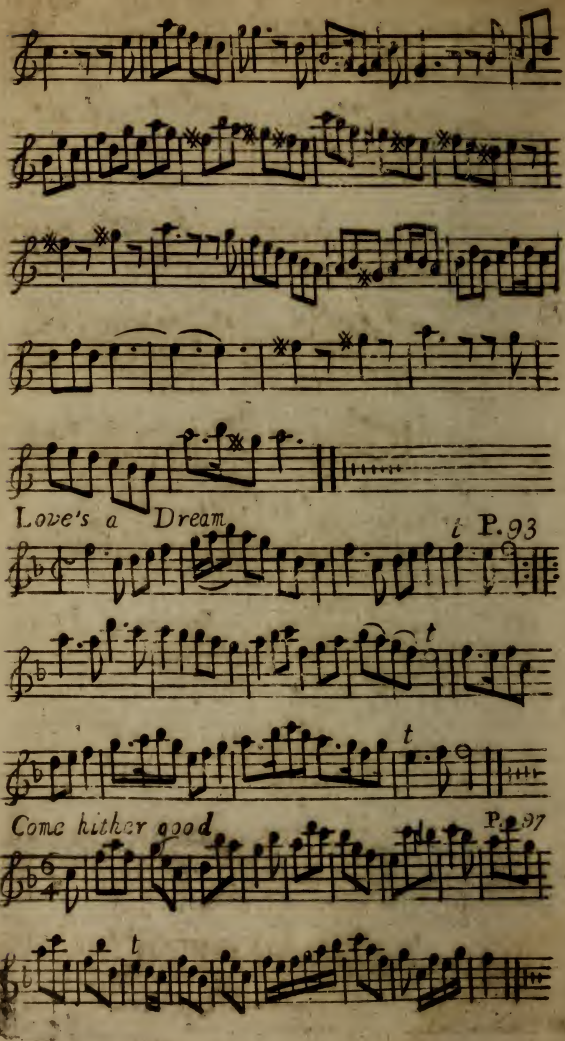


Hear me ye Nymphs! P. 166

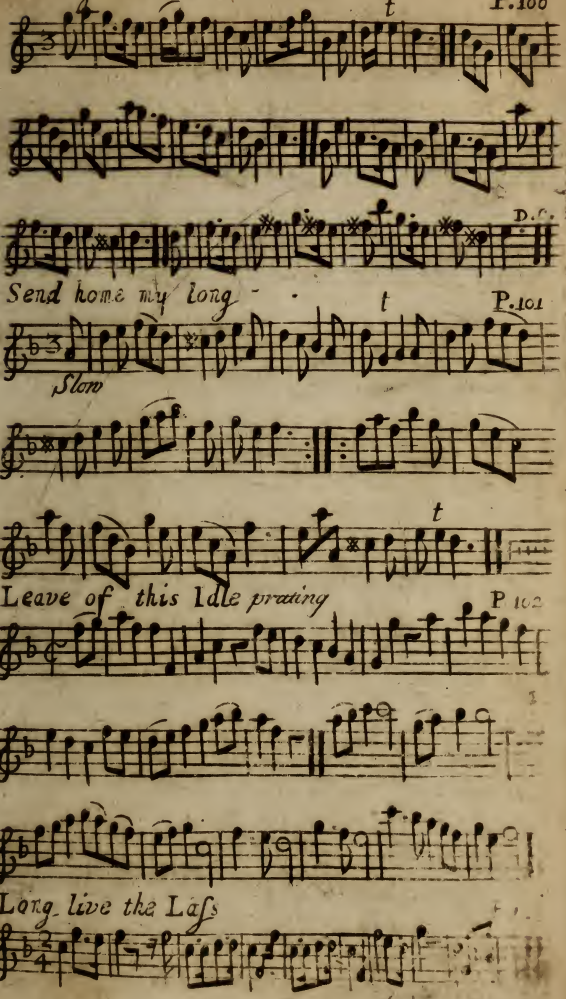


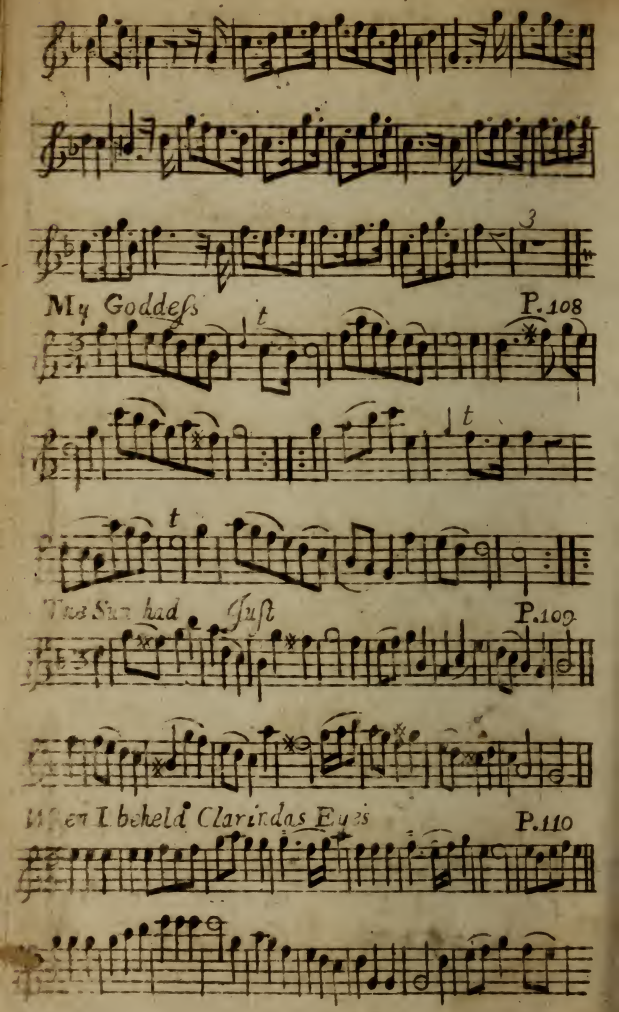
I have been in Love P. 89

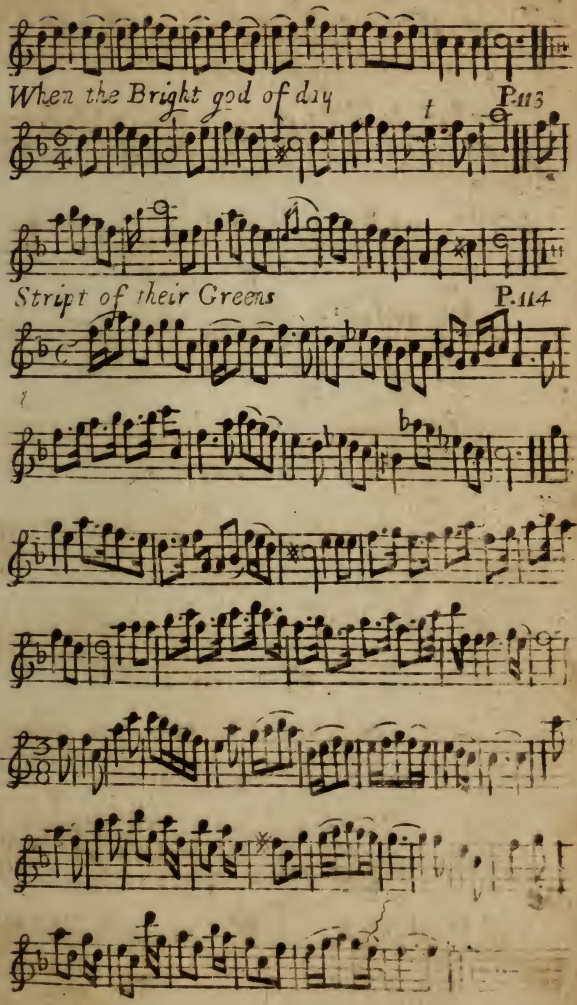



Love's a Dream
t P. 93
t
t
Come hither good
P. 97
t

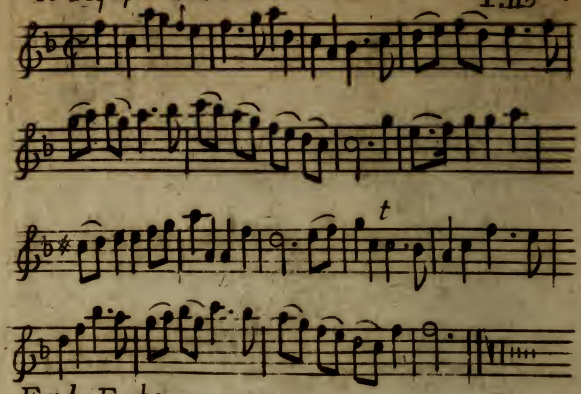
Foolish Women



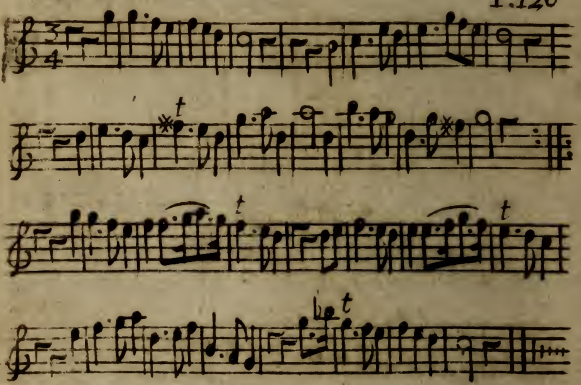

My Goddess
P. 108
The Sun had Just
P. 109
When I beheld Clarindas Eyes
P. 110


When the Bright god of day
P.113
Stript of their Greens
P.114

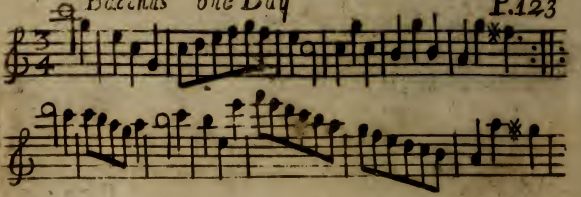
Ye Nymphs and Silvian Gods P.115

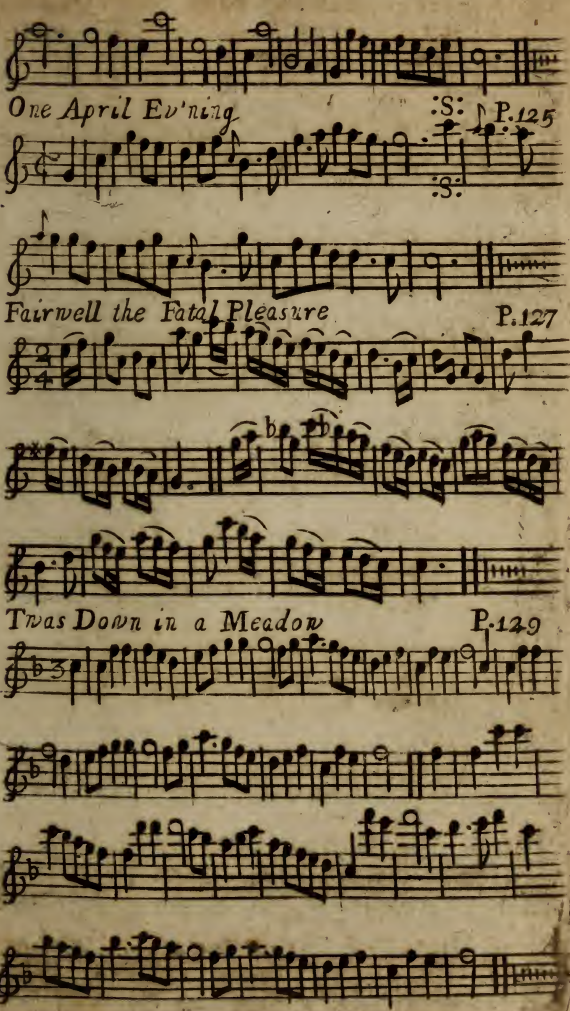


Fond Eccho P.120

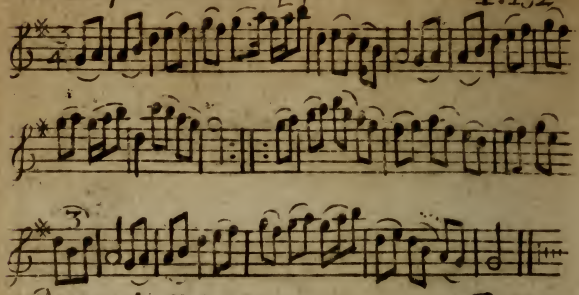


Bacchus one Day P.123

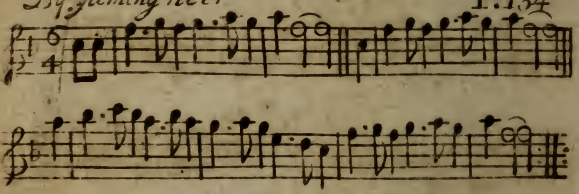



One April Ev'ning
P. 125
Fairwell the Fatal Pleasure
P. 127
Twas Down in a Meadow
P. 129

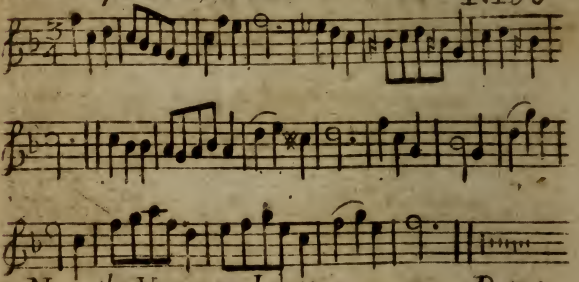
Ye Shepherds and Nymphs P.132



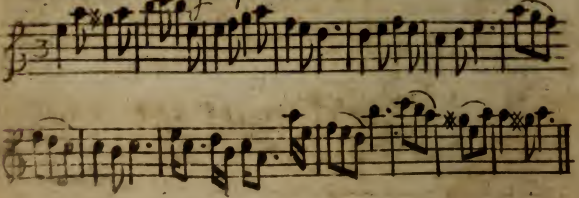
By gaming ne'er P.134



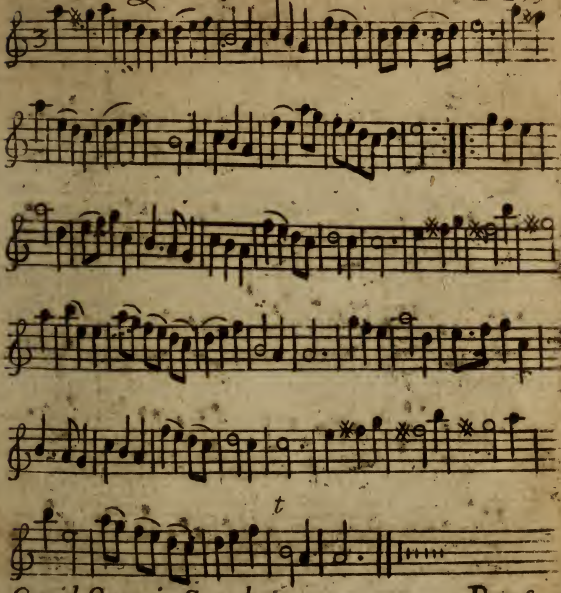
When first I saw P.136



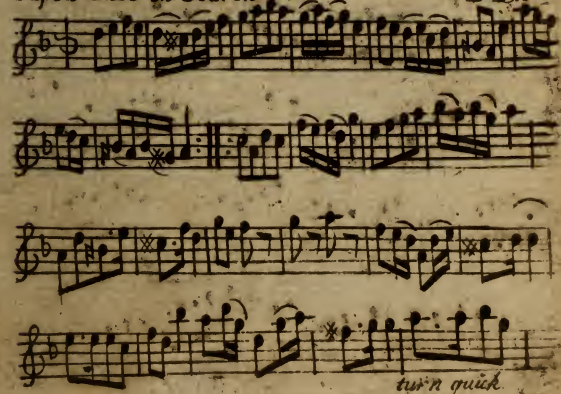
Now the Hungary Lions P.153

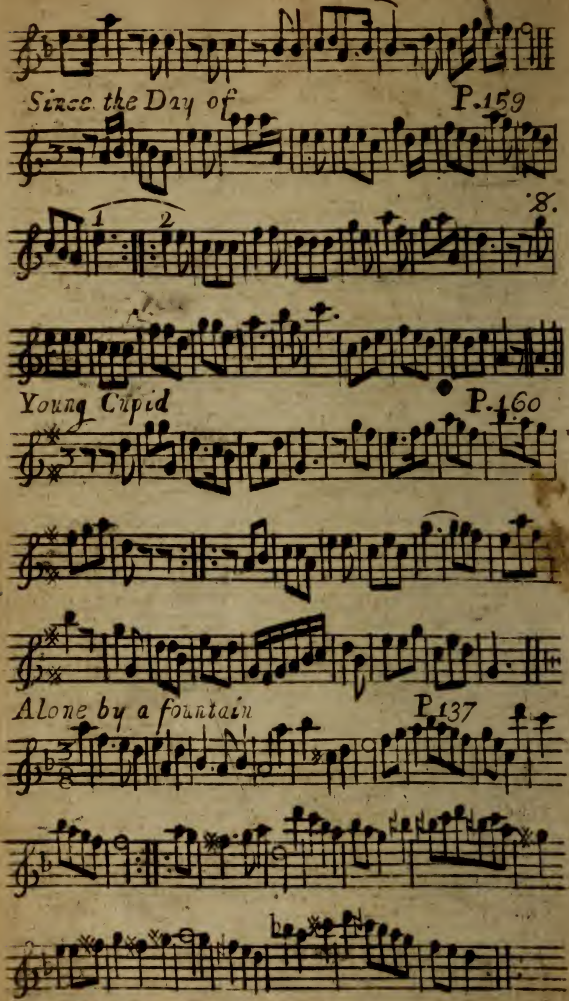


Cloe be wise t P. 155

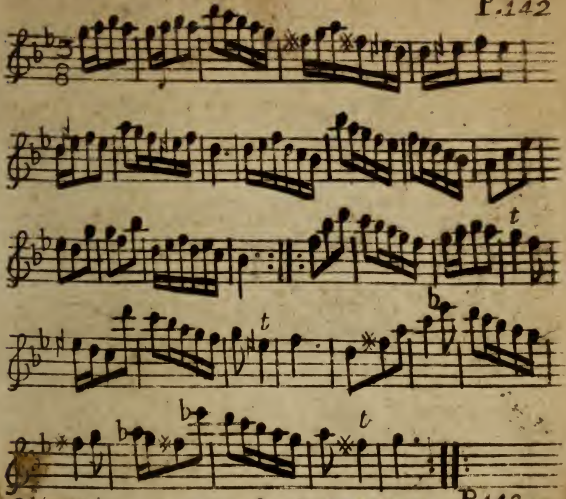


Cupid Once in Search P. 156

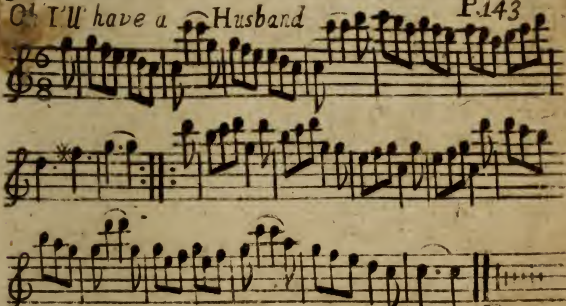



Since the Day of
P. 159
8.
1
2
Young Cupid
P. 160
Alone by a fountain
P. 137

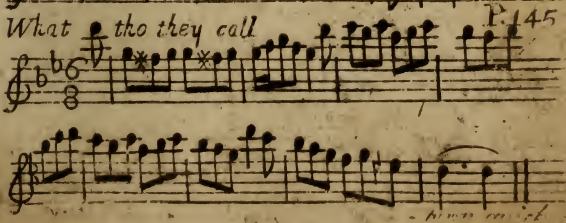
While in a Bower P.142

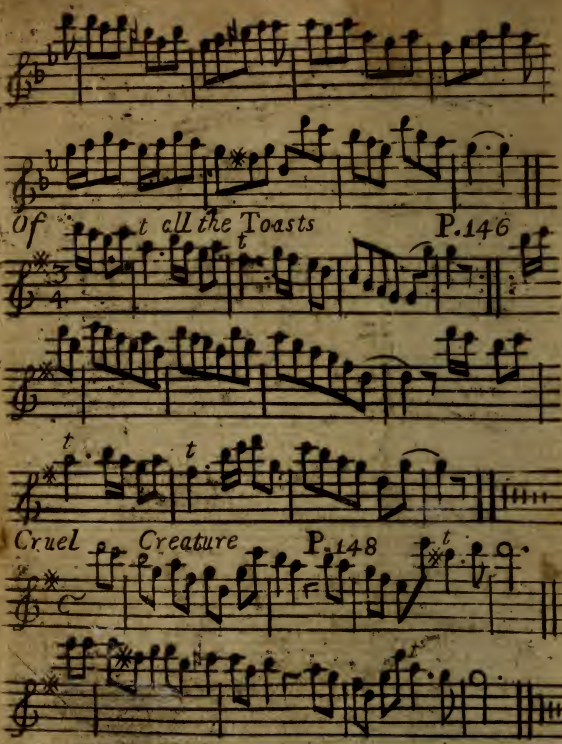


O! I'll have a Husband P.143



What tho they call P.145





Finis